

The Messenger.

Rev T Appel DD

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THE MESSENGER.

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Poetry.

TO THE WORK!

Up to thy Master's work! for thou art called
To do His bidding, till the hand of death
Strike off thine armor. Noble field is thine—
The soul thy province, that mysterious thing
Which hath no limit from the walls of sense.

Oh, live the life of prayer,
The life so tireless for His sake!

So may the Angel of the Covenant bring
Thee to thy home in bliss, with many a gem
To glow forever in thy Master's crown.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL IN HOLY SCRIPTURE.

V.

How far our reigning interpretation of the Bible is at fault, is shown at once by its general want of power to understand what exactly the spiritual means in the Word of God, as something different from the natural. The notion of such a distinction in the Word is not to be denied, of course, by any who profess belief in its inspiration: for that of itself implies the presence of the divine in it in some way, causing it to mean more than the simply human. There is in this way a vague misty notion of an outward and an inward in Holy Scripture generally, answering to St. Paul's distinction of letter and spirit; and along with this, it may be, a willingness to admit, also, the truth of the apostle's teaching, where he tells us that it is only by the Spirit of God in us we can ever understand really the mind of God in His Word. But there in common the notion stops; while all that pretends to go beyond such empty generality, is found to be idle talk merely to save appearance, or the shallowest sophistry of mere heartless unbelief.

In all directions, accordingly, we are met with the view, that the spiritual sense of the Bible means no more, in fact, than the inward thought which must be in all human speech, to make it truly human. The view may not dare to express itself just in this blunt way; but when properly probed, it comes simply to this and nothing else. And how indeed should it be otherwise, where it has come to be believed that inspiration means necessarily the mind of God brought down in full to the form of common human thought and language? What room can there be, in such a case, to think of an inward sense in Scripture anywhere, different from what belongs universally to the constitution of man's discourse in such merely natural view? Is it not just what our hermeneutical science is telling us all the time? Even our evangelical leaders, claiming to be more spiritual than others, cry out: "Not in cipher, hieroglyphic, or cabalistic signs; but in the language and dialect of living men, with which grammar, rhetoric, and logic can closely deal, has God made known His purposes to us; there is no esoteric sense between the lines and beneath the letter; spiritual discernment is a knowledge by experience, and does not imply a superior intellectualism." Is it any wonder that the human natural element in the Bible, under

such spiritualistic instruction, is made to be all in all in our churches and Sunday-schools, while the idea of a divine spiritual element in it is held to be mere fiction and fancy?

With such as think at all on the subject, however, it is not easy to acquiesce altogether in the imagination, that the distinction between letter and spirit in the Bible comes to no more than this difference between word and thought in the common speech of men. They can see that both these taken together enter into the biblical conception of the literal and natural in Scripture, and that the true spiritual there is to be thought of always as something different from both. The inward and the outward of ordinary human speech belong alike to St. Paul's conception of the letter, to which the spirit stands related then as an interior life imparting to both at once their essential divine meaning. Without this, both together give us only the baldest literalism; to escape which, many have recourse then to the vain effort of trying to find in the natural itself, under such external view, a new hidden meaning of some sort, which they choose to call spiritual; although in fact it is never more than the natural itself again in new form.

Such is the nature of all tropical interpretation; in regard to which our text books on biblical exegesis have so much to tell us in the way of distinction, qualification, direction, and wholesome caution. It would seem to be not an uncommon notion, that the inward spiritual sense of the Bible is somehow stored away largely in its figures of speech, its significant emblems and symbols, its metaphorical and allegorical descriptions and representations. The notion is not without a certain degree of truth; for all genuine comparisons do rest at bottom on real correspondence between the natural and the spiritual worlds—an idea which reaches its full inimitable perfection in the inspired biblical parable. But it is in no such profound view as this, that the ordinary mind is led to look for the interior spiritual sense of Scripture under the veil of its tropes and figures of speech, in the way here noticed. The looking is purely superficial and external; and what it comes to in the end is no spiritual sense whatever, but a mere turning of the natural human in one form into the same natural human in another form. Our smooth Ernestian science itself is careful to tell us, accordingly, that there is no escape here from its hard Procrustean rule of one sense only in the sacred text. It owns the tropical, but affirms it to be at the same time only a phase of the literal. In either view, it is but the grammatico-historical "abomination of desolation," standing in the holy place, and usurping there the supremacy that belongs of right alone to the living Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Many again, in every age, under the pressure of what has been felt to be the necessary idea of a double sense in Holy Scripture, have taken refuge in its typology; seeing in this, with good reason, a nearer approach to its proper spiritual interior, than is to be gained through any factitious spiritualization of its contents merely from the outside. For it lies in the very conception of biblical types, that they are not of man's device, but of actual divine appointment, having in them thus, as they appear in the Bible, their typical meaning, along with their literal meaning, as an essential part of its inspiration. Here then would be at once a sure voice of God from the bosom of the outward Word itself, if only we could know with certainty, how much of it is to be considered thus typical, and also what the typical in each case positively means.

But we all know, what darkness and confusion have rested on the whole subject of types in the Christian Church from the beginning, just for the hopeless want of this knowledge; so that, instead of helping the cause of a true spiritual sense in the Bible, it is just its typology, more, perhaps, than anything else, which has served to bring the whole subject into discredit. With our science of hermeneutics, accordingly, the old idea of types in the Bible is fairly exploded; or at least is so eviscerated of all supernatural significance, as to be not worth a rushlight for the discovery of any spiritual meaning whatever in Scripture.

Seeing this, the late Dr. Patrick Fairbairn of Scotland brought out, with much labor and learning, his well-known work on the

"Doctrine of Types;" his object being, as he tells us, "to rescue the typology of Scripture, if possible, from the arbitrariness and uncertainty which have hitherto enveloped it, and to derive from it somewhat of real and substantial service toward the interpretation of the mind and purposes of God."

A most praiseworthy intention, certainly; but measured by its purpose, the book must be pronounced a complete failure. All that it has accomplished serves only to show more clearly than before, how little dependence is to be placed on the study of these Bible types as hitherto conducted; and how radical a revolution is needed in the whole theory of their structure and explanation, before they can enter with any effectual aid into the exposition of the true spiritual meaning of God's Word.

Dr. Fairbairn tells us, that the rules laid down for the interpretation of types by the older divines, were "too vague and general" to provide any effective use of their instruction, and then goes on to lay down elaborately other rules of his own, which he thinks better suited to relieve the subject of its difficulties. But the relief is wholly imaginary. His principles are perfectly loose and indeterminate; and his own expositions resolve themselves palpably, all through his book, into purely hypothetical speculations ingeniously fastened upon the Word of God from the outside, instead of being in any sense a real felt out-birth from its true inward life.

His whole system is fatally vitiated from the start, by the principle or rule, which he holds to be of axiomatic clearness, that "nothing is to be regarded as typical in Scripture, which is of an improper and sinful nature." If typical is to stand for spiritual here, as seems to be assumed, so as to cover the whole field of what is to be understood by the mystical or inward sense of Holy Scripture, such a rule as this, it is very plain, must have the effect at once of cutting out from our thought the real inspiration (if only we stop to think what inspiration necessarily means) of by far the greatest part of the Old Testament history. For is not that made up mainly of either Jewish or Gentile iniquities and sins? Noah's drunkenness, and Judah's incest, have been seen to be but fair examples of this biblical wickedness in wider view. To the history of the Jewish nation from the beginning, fairly applies what Moses says, Deut. xxxii. 15-28; what Isaiah writes, Is. i. 2-15; what our Lord charges home upon them in such withering passages as Matt. xxiii. 13-39; John v. 38-47; viii. 37-45; xii. 37-41. And why think only of the Old Testament history, as thus shorn of its inspiration by this hard rule? Are not its prophecies, externally considered, interwoven inseparably with the bad stuff of its history? And is not the same thing true of its psalms? Alas, eliminate from the idea of the divine in the Bible, all that is held to be in this way incapable of having in it from God Himself any true inward, mystical, or typical meaning, and what have we left for the support of our belief in its actual inspiration? A residuum so lean, certainly, that no firm faith in the doctrine of inspiration can live upon it for a single day.

And all who study honestly the reigning spirit of the Christian world at this time, can easily enough see that just in this way the power of believing, practically and earnestly, in the full inspiration of the Old Testament has, in fact, to a large extent, already passed away from the Church; and that without a new and deeper investigation of the whole subject, under the light of Christ's Spirit shining forth from the bosom of the Word itself, and not merely on the outside of it, the darkening of such feeble faith as is still left among us will surely end soon in total eclipse. And what must not such eclipse mean for the world at large, in view of the vast political, social, moral, and religious problems, which are now rising so portentously above the horizon of these last times? The best answer to the question lies in the inward (not coldly typical, but vividly spiritual) sense of that thrilling description from the lips of our blessed Lord Himself, Luke xxi. 25-27: "There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are

coming on the earth; for the powers of HEAVEN shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory."

J. W. N.

For The Messenger.

HOW TO INTERPRET THE SCRIPTURES.

A friend has called my attention to a brief editorial article, under this caption, in a late number of the *Lutheran and Missionary*. The respected editor of that paper will, I trust, do me the justice to believe, that it is not in any spirit of theological controversy I notice the article here, but only for the sake of the great subject of our common interest with which it is concerned. That subject is too high and solemn for controversy in the ordinary sense of the term. It involves, I verily believe, the question of all questions for the present time—a question, before which the ordinary polemics of our sadly distracted Christendom may be said to shrink into relative insignificance. Hath God indeed spoken to us in His Word with a voice overwhelming all the thought and speech of man, and realizing in full the true spiritual sense of His own challenge in the 38th chapter of the book of Job? And if so, how shall we know what His speech through the ages actually means, as something immeasurably more than all the judgment of men standing between it and the soul of a true believer? Where indeed shall we find, in the wide range of ecclesiastical debate, a subject more worthy of our most prayerful anxiety than this? In such view, the article which I here allow myself to quote from the *Lutheran* gives me no offence whatever. On the contrary, I welcome it, as an earnest and intelligent summary of the view of biblical interpretation, which I am opposing in the *Messenger*; and am only glad of the opportunity it offers (coming from so respectable a source), for fixing attention on the precise point of my discussion on the general subject of the *Natural and Spiritual in Holy Scripture*, which some of my readers possibly may not find it quite easy to understand. Here follows the quotation:

"1. There can be no question that all doctrines legitimately claiming the authority of Holy Scripture must ultimately rest on the grammar of the languages in which the sacred revelations are given. What is against the laws and usages of those languages as employed by the Holy Ghost can never be the true meaning. Grammatico-historical criticism cannot, therefore, be dispensed with in ascertaining the teachings of Biblical writers. All interpretation of the divine Word is unavoidably bound to it. No mere theological or traditional arguments are competent to establish an article of faith, or to refute what claims to be one, without being able to ground itself clearly upon a 'Thus saith the Lord' grammatically determined."

2. But something more, and of equally indispensable necessity in all right exposition of the sacred writings, is required. 'No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation' (2 Peter i. 20). As no such prophecy is from the individual will or wisdom of the writer, so neither is the composition in which it is given an isolated thing to be treated by itself alone. As the sacred writers were all moved by 'the same Spirit,' their several productions are only so many parts of one organic whole. Though each has his own particular standpoint, surroundings and objects, which must never be lost sight of, yet no individual presentations are disconnected from what others have written on the same subject. The utterances of one dare not be put over against the utterances of another, nor the one be exalted to the depreciation of the other; but all must be taken together, as equal in authority and dignity, and as mutually explanatory."

3. There is also a correspondence, analogy, interior coherence and harmony of Scripture with Scripture as to the substance of every subject, which, if once truly reached at one place, evokes a common response and attestation from every other place, and thus begets a clearness of conviction beyond all that the most elaborate discussion can impart. Nor can any interpretation be the true mind of the Spirit which will not fairly construe with the analysis of all the passages relating to the same topic."

On this basis it is that we are to reach and ascertain the true purport of God's revelations. And when these particulars duly observed, bring us to conclusions with regard to what the Scriptures teach, we may be perfectly assured that we have the true Word and communication of the Holy Ghost, on which we may confidently rest both in life and in death, whoever may gainsay or question."

I do not propose here to go into any formal criticism of this well considered and well put article. I throw it out simply as food for the thoughtful.

The object of the writer seems to be an adjustment of the relative claims of the grammatical and theological methods of interpretation, in some way that shall allow a certain superiority to the theological inter-

est in the case, as having to do most closely and directly with the actual living spirit of the Bible. But even this point, it seems to me, is not gained in what is here said. The two methods are only made to be, at best, of "equally indispensable necessity in all right exposition of the sacred writings." But there can be in reality no such equalization of rights; one or other of the methods in question, must in the last resort have supreme control over the exposition. And that office is here assigned plainly to the grammatical side. "All doctrines legitimately claiming the authority of Holy Scripture," it is said, "must ultimately rest on the grammar of the languages in which the sacred revelations are given." That puts the idea of all interior theological, dogmatic, confessional sense in the Scriptures under the grammar of their inspired text, and not above it.

And to this bald extreme of naturalism it must ever come with the Ernestian grammatico-historical theory of interpretation, in spite of all efforts that may be made in any quarter to disguise it in an evangelical garb. It is in its very nature, and must be always, a subjection of the divine in the Scriptures to the authority of the merely human; making the human to be first, and the divine to be second; making the human to be inmost and the divine outmost. And what can this be less than making the inspiration of the Scriptures to hold in their outward grammatico-historical sense, and not in the Spirit of the living God at all as anything different from that sense? If the Spirit of the living God is thought of as being there at all in any way different from this, it can be only in the form of a spiritual sense added to the Word from the outside, by a supposed "spiritual wit" belonging to the biblical expounder himself. Which means simply, that the theopneusty of the Bible is but a figure of speech, or what we may call a sacred myth.

But if it were possible in any way to get clear of such palpable bondage to the letter, so as to have room for the theological interpretation, which seems at least to bring us closer to the presence of God's own mind in the Bible, would it fare any better in fact with our faith in its inspiration, under the view offered to our consideration in this article of the *Lutheran and Missionary*? Let those who take an interest in the subject ponder well the import of the question, and think out for themselves how it should be answered. "No theological or traditional arguments," we are told, "are competent to establish an article of faith," without a clear *Thus saith the Lord*, grammatically determined. No "Thus saith the Lord," I remark, ever has been, or ever can be, thus grammatically determined for any man's faith (which Luther tells us, in Paul's name, is not "every man's thing"). But supposing just now the contrary, as this quotation here does, would any theological or traditional arguments, thus grammatically determined, be ever in and of themselves, as seems here to be assumed, a sure passport into the real divine life-sense of the Bible, the holy of holies in its bosom, where the Spirit of the Lord reigns in difference from all other spirit, angelic or human? I wish not to undervalue the use of such doctrinal, theological, traditional, analogical, confessional sacred science in its place. But after all, it is only the grammatical advanced to the higher character of the logical; and in this view it belongs, no less than philology itself, to the sphere of the letter, in the interpretation of Holy Scripture, and not to the sphere of the spirit. Hence I find it impossible, of course, to acquiesce in the judgment, that when the grammatical and theological conditions, taken together, are duly observed, and bring us to conclusions with regard to what the Scriptures teach, "we may be perfectly assured that we have the true Word and communication of the Holy Ghost, on which we may confidently rest both in life and in death whoever may gainsay or question." For myself I can only say, I know that I need more than this; and it would fill me with despair, if I were not sure that there is in the interior of God's Word infinitely more than this for every real believer in Christ. Also I feel quite sure that the worthy editor of the *Lutheran and Missionary*, in his inmost heart, believes just the same thing.

J. W. N.

Family Reading.

THE OLD HOME.

O little house lost in the heart of the lindens,
What would I not give to behold you once more!
To inhale once again the sweet breath of your roses,
And the starry clematis that climbed round your door—
To see the neat windows throw a wide to the sunshine;
The porch where we sat at the close of the day,
Where the weary-foot traveler was welcome to rest him,
And the beggar was never sent empty away;
The wainscoted walls and the low raftered ceilings;
To hear the loud tick of the clock on the stair;
And to kiss the dear face bending over the Bible,
That always was laid by my grandmother's chair.
O bright little garden beside the plantation,
Where the tall fleur-de-lis their blue banners unfurled,
And the lawn was alive with the thrushes and blackbirds—
I would you were all I had known of the world.
My sweet pink pea-clusters! My rare honey-suckle,
My prim polyanthus all of a row!
In a garden of dreams I still pass and caress you,
But your beautiful selves are forever laid low.
For your walls, little house, long ago have been leveled;
Alien feet your smooth borders, O garden, have trod;
And those whom I loved are at rest from their labors,
Reposing in peace on the bosom of God!

HOPELESS.

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

Nearly half a century ago, there wandered through the Highlands of Scotland, in summer's heat and winter's cold, the most wretched and forlorn creature on God's footstool.

She once had a home and loving friends; but, impelled by evil, she broke loose from all restraint, disgraced those who loved her, ruined herself, and finally became an outcast, and the terror of even those in whose company she had first gone astray. Her friends gave up all hope, and strove to bury her memory; but every now and then she would appear and open the healing wound by her excesses and her boldness.

Once, in a wild storm, she stood at the window of her father's humble cot, and looked in on the family at prayer; but the moment the old man began to pray for his "poor lost bairn," she uttered a wild cry that brought them all from their knees, and then fled like the wounded victim of a hunter, and no trace could be found of her.

Muckle Bess, as she was called, had never possessed any womanly grace or beauty. She was tall, stalwart and masculine in appearance and voice, and now that she dressed only in the clothes she could steal from line or barn, of woman or man, and lived almost without shelter from sun or storm, she was most forbidding in her appearance. It is little wonder that when the farmers' wives saw her flying over the braes, they were terror-stricken. By her bitterness, her dishonesty, and her profaneness, she had wholly separated herself from her kind. Her hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against her.

One day, as an honest cotter whose wife had known her in her early days saw her dart by his window, he spoke of it, and called to her to come in and eat bread there. She looked at him an instant and cried out: "What have I to do among pure and honest women like Tybie? I'm awa' to my only companions—the beasts on the hills!"

That night when honest Donald Craig gathered his wife and bairns about the family altar, Tybie said with many tears: "Oh, Donald, ye blessed of God, who has kept ye and me in His love and peace, pray for yon lost wanderer, that God would bring her back to Himself."

"Nay, nay, gude wife, I'll no do that! I'll feed and clothe her if I can; but I'll no weary myself nor vex God prayin' for her. She's o'er far gone for prayer to help her. She's cast out o' God and man, and we must e'en place her among the hopeless."

And the elders and the ministers and all the good people said the same—"hopeless, hopeless!" And many an honorable man in the region,—honorable in the sight of man, but self-righteous in the eye of God—echoed the word "hopeless," and never lifted one prayer for the outcast.

About this time, and when Muckle Bess was past middle life, there was a great awakening in the Highlands. Such was the interest that the people would linger for a whole day about the holy place to hear what God would say to them through His servant's.

Suddenly on a certain Sabbath, one of these groups was startled as if by an electric shock. Muckle Bess, in all the grotesqueness of her poverty, stood like a giant before them. The women trembled, and the men looked scornfully at her, as if to say: "Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"

When she appeared where God's Spirit was so evidently at work, all thought she had come to cavil and disturb; and many a stalwart arm was held ready to put her away whenever she should attempt it.

At length a merciful woman, braver than the others, moved and made room for her on the greensward, and touched her and beckoned to her. At this unwonted civility Bess forgot herself, and called out in bitterness of spirit: "What ha' I to do wi' ye, honest Crissey Irving? I am na worthy to sit on the same grass wi' ye—it wad pollute ye all, gude wives and mothers. What is the glorious gospel that the noble laddie is preaching to ye—what is it to me? I ha' sinned away the day o' grace, and e'en the all-powerful blood has na power to cleanse me! Look at me, all ye lassies o' happy homes, and see what sin has brought forth. Oh, Christ! oh, Christ! has it come to this, that Satan is stronger than ye; that he has given the lie to Thy word, that 'whosoever cometh shall in na wise be casted out'?"

Here the silence of death reigned over the company, and no one disturbed the woman in her anguish. She now ceased speaking to the people, and raising her weather-beaten face to heaven, she stretched forth her brawny hands, and cried in tones of agony that might have melted the rocks about her: "Oh, Thou God o' my fathers; oh, Thou God o' bonnie Scotland that has been steeped in blood for Thy name's sake, look on me, a wretched sinner who has scorned Thee, and robbed Thee, and defiled Thee! Hast Thou na promised cleansin' to them whose sins are scarlet and crimson? And whose sins are o' deeper dye than mine? Oh, it is a fearful thing to fall into the hand o' the livin' God!" Then, exhausted by her emotions, she fell fainting to the earth, and pitiful women, who had before fled at her approach, now ministered to her, and great fear fell on the people.

Then the minister preached of Christ as the only way of access to the Father, and set Him forth in all His glory as a Mediator, and showed that He made him a liar who doubted His power to forgive all manner of sin. He dwelt on His compassion and His tenderness till all—even the poor outcast—were melted into tears. At length Bess cried out, in this most informal service: "Hear me, ye people o' God; hear me, ye angels above; hear me, ye powers o' evil, while I vow afore ye all that I will e'en tak' Him at His word and leave it there!"

From that time forward Muckle Bess went from farm-house to cottage, from field to pasture, telling in deep solemnity what God was able to do for the chief of sinners. She had a welcome at every "ingleside," and every house where dwelt a child of God was her home. When offered work at the wheel or in the dairy, she said: "Nay, nay, I ha' na time for that. I must e'en be on my way tellin' the story."

And she told "the story" with streaming eyes. Indeed, she was always weeping; and once when reminded that God had called His children to peace and joy, she said: "Aye, aye, that's here within the breast; but how can I ever forget that I crucified the Lord o' glory and put Him to open shame. There is na time nor way to redeem the past. Let me, like Mary, wash His feet wi' my tears!"

Muckle Bess lived to prove the genuineness of her conversion, the re-creation of her spirit.

If any doubt the truth of this story, which we had from a reliable source, let them look about them and see if God has not saved, among us, just as depraved and hopeless sinners as Muckle Bess? Let us remember that Jesus has power over all things in heaven and earth—aye, and in the dark domains of evil, and never say of any mortal sinner, "His case is hopeless!"—*Congregationalist*.

KEEP YOUR TROUBLES SACRED.

A worthy wife of forty years' standing, and whose life was not made up of sunshine and peace, gave the following sensible and impressive advice to a married pair of her acquaintance. The advice is so good, and so well suited to all married people, as well as those who intend entering that state, that we here publish it for the benefit of such persons: Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state and your heart. Let no father or mother, sister or brother, ever presume to come between you two, or to share the joys and sorrows that belong to you alone. With God's help build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns

domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never—no, never—speak of it outside; but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Review and renew your vow; it will do you good, and thereby your souls will grow together, cemented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one.

CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER.

How it ripples across the fields and echoes along the hill-side, as musical as distant church-bells pealing over the grassy meadows, where brown village darlings are gathering buttercups. There are no sounds so sweet to a mother's ear, except, perhaps, the first lisping of an infant's prayer. Children's laughter! How dull the home is wherein its music has once joyously echoed, but now is heard no more. How still is the house when the little ones are fast asleep and their pattering feet are silent. How easily the fun of a child bubbles forth. Take even those poor, prematurely-aged little ones bred in the gutter, cramped in unhealthy homes, and ill-used, it may be, by drunken parents, and you will find the child-nature is not all crushed out of them. They are children still, albeit they look so haggard and wan. Try to excite their mirthfulness, and ere long a laugh rings out, as wild and free as if there were no such thing as sorrow in the world. Let the little ones laugh, then; too soon, alas! they will find cause enough to weep. Do not try to silence them, but let their gleefulness ring out a glad some peal, reminding us of the days when we, too, could laugh without a sigh.

SHE HAS NEVER DONE ANYTHING.

"She might have been a great woman. She might really have made a mark in the world, but she's been married all her grown life, and has six children, and so has never done anything, poor dear!" And my friend went her way to write an article on political economy.

I sat and thought of the woman who had never done anything. I knew all about her. She had had six children—four boys and two girls, exactly two years apart. One of the boys was a clergyman, one a surgeon, one a literary man of repute, one a rising artist. I had heard those men say, that when they were at school their mother supervised all their lessons, and that they always repeated them to her before breakfast every morning.

The artist had told me that she gave him his first lesson in drawing. The author, that she revised his compositions, suggested subjects, and encouraged him to persevere until he made his first trembling entrance into the literary world. The surgeon asserted that to her excellent care he owed the steady nerves without which a surgeon, whatever his capacity, is useless.

The girls are neither prudes nor flirts. They respect themselves, and teach men to respect womanhood. All that it was right that they should know of life they learnt from their mother. She is their confidante. It is impossible that they should ever be anything but a credit to themselves and their future husbands. One plays magnificently; her mother taught her the rudiments of music. One recites with great feeling; she never had any instructor but her mother.

Meanwhile, this woman who had never done anything kept one servant, did all her own marketing, and all her own sewing, until the girls were old enough to help her. She cut their dresses and taught them to make their own in time. She nursed six babies as nature meant they should be nursed. Her husband never found his home untidy or his dinner bad. Every one said that her house was beautifully furnished, but few knew how much of its adornment was the work of her own hands—chairs covered, carpets laid, rugs woven, home-made flower-stands filled with the product of a few shillings' worth of seeds, which rivaled the costly production of the fashionable florist.

Meanwhile, no sanitarian ever had stricter laws as to bathing, exercise, and proper living. Health bloomed on every cheek. No one was ever bilious in that house. Nor were there comfortable rooms reserved for the calls of strangers while the household crowded into narrow quarters. Home has always been home in that woman's house. In the evenings, and without making any fuss about it, she helped her husband in his business by keeping his books, and there has never been a time when she was too busy to visit a sick friend, or take an interest in the current topics of the day, on each of which she holds decided opinions, pinning her faith to no man's sleeve.

"Never did anything! Poor dear!" I looked after Mrs. Miggs, who could not make herself a decent cup of tea,

who has never had any children, whose husband is a forlorn little man, with rumpled shirt bosoms, and no collar buttons—Mrs. Miggs, who has lived utterly for herself for all the many years of her life, and whose sole accomplishment is that of speaking fluently on momentous subjects of which we understand nothing, and I thought: Oh, Mrs. Miggs, would that you—yes, and half the speakers, writers, painters, politicians, and celebrated people generally of this world—had done half so much good in it as this one quiet woman, of whom you say:

"Poor dear! She has done nothing!"

For what is it to write the best book in the world in comparison with writing upon throbbing hearts maxims of truth and purity? Is not a living form, full of health and beauty, more exquisite than any statue of marble? And should not she whose children have no blemish of mind or body be prouder than any sculptor? Cannot one's home be as beautiful an "interior" as any hung in the gallery of art? And is not the economy of the household a part of political economy?

There are women who could not do all that this woman has done, or to whom God has not given such a field of labor.—Let them take their own specialty thankfully and do their best; but when it is done, the good wife and mother has done more; and let them not seek to rob her of her mead of praise and honor.—*N. Y. Ledger*.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

In the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows still unpressed,
See the forms of little children,
Kneeling, white-robed for their rest.
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

On the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
Slant the moonlight's silvery bars,
In the silence and the darkness—
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children,
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die,"—so pray the children,
And the mother's head droops low.
(One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the winter's snow).—
"Take our souls," and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of His garments
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant,
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing far away, the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife;
We who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foemen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hands shall grasp this standard,
Which to-day you watch from far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In this universal war,
Pray to Him, the God of battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warring of temptation,
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the conflict ends, and lowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies,
When far down the purple distance
All the noise of battle dies,
When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle down on you and me,
May the love that never faileth
Take our souls e'ernally.

WASHING DAY.

BRIDGET, A WORD TO YOU.

Good, hard-working, faithful girl that you are, you have days when everything goes wrong with your work. You have often noticed this on washing days, when you are in "such a hurry to get through." Now we know that you get up on Monday morning determining to "bend everything to that washing." This is well enough, but we have noticed that you leave your breakfast dishes unwashed all day; the sink filled with pots, kettles, pans and china, tea leaves, potato skins, etc., etc., while you go on with the washing. Now no mortal woman can stand such confusion and disorder without serious detriment to herself. Very likely you will be cross to the children, or impertinent to your mistress when she comes in with her orders for the day, and thus will spread out from your kitchen an atmosphere of discomfort over and through the whole house—and all because you do not go to work the right way.

Now try another way. Get up early on Monday morning (if you lose an hour in the morning you will chase it fruitlessly all day), make your fire, set on your tea-kettle, and get to washing as soon as possible. Of course the amount of washing you will accomplish depends upon how early you rise, and what time the breakfast must be ready. Suppose you select when you begin, the sheets, pillow-cases and towels—the easiest part

of the washing. You can certainly get them washed, boiled and rinsed, ready for hanging out, before the time when you must leave the tubs. (If you could get them out on the line it would be a great help.) Now make your coffee and get the other things for the breakfast ready, remembering to put every utensil you use into its place as soon as you have done with it. Just watch yourself, and you will be surprised to find that you often take really more trouble to put things on the table, or out of place, than it would be to hang them up on their own hooks over the sink, or set them in their places in the pantry.

As soon as you dish up your breakfast, pile up your cooking things neatly in the sink to be washed first. Not your china plates in with gridirons and sauce-pans. Put all your bowls and dishes, well scraped, on a kitchen waiter, the largest always at the bottom. Wash these all up, if possible, while the family are at breakfast. It will be a wonderful help to you, but if you think best to hang out the clothes, and must leave them and the breakfast dishes, the sight of them will not fret you nearly so much if they are nicely piled up on a waiter, and a clean cloth thrown over them until you find a few spare moments to get them out of the way. Put away at once all the bread, butter, and other eatables, sweep up the crumbs from your floor, wipe off your kitchen table, avoid spilling water on the floor, and if you do happen to make a slop, don't leave it a minute, but wipe it up with a cloth or a mop. Keep your soiled clothes in a basket, or on a cloth laid on your clean table; never on the floor, or on the chairs. Now most likely you will say after you have read so far, that you "have no time to bother with any picking up." But you don't know. Just try it once, and you will be delighted at the close of the day to find how much better and brighter you feel. Many a girl lies down at night wearied and jaded, not so much because of the hard work she has done, but because of the friction of her disorder and mismanagement on her disposition, and she utterly unconscious, the while, of the real cause of her feeling—"so tired and worn out."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

APPLE FLOAT.—One pint of good, stewed apples, which are free from lumps, whites of three eggs, well beaten, four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Beat the apple, eggs and sugar together until stiff enough to stand alone. Make a soft, boiled custard; flavor with vanilla; pour into a deep dish, and pile the float on top.

UTILIZATION OF STALE BREAD.—As far as possible, have bits of bread eaten up before they become hard. Spread those that are not eaten, and let them dry to be beaten for puddings, or soaked for brewis. Brewis is made of crusts and dry pieces of bread, soaked a good while in hot milk, mashed, salted and buttered like toast. Above all do not let them accumulate in such quantities that they cannot be used.

THE DAY'S "PUSH-OFF."—The importance of breakfast is so great that of all the meals of the day it should receive special attention. It is, in a way, the key of the day. If it is fresh, wholesome, nicely cooked and served, it gives one a "push-off" for the day, that is full of vigor and good cheer. If it is dowdy, mussy and indigestible, it spoils the day, and one goes about work much as if a weight were tied to his heels. If one has fruit, it should always be on the breakfast table.

POINTS IN PATCHING.—I shall begin with the perhaps original axiom that a patch must be rectangular. A round or a "crooked" one will inevitably thrust itself into notice, as it is impossible to match the threads. Then, a patch should never be "laid on," but always "set in." To this end, first cut away carefully by a thread all that is in the least worn, and turn back and baste down an even seam all around. The corners may be slashed slightly in a diagonal direction to keep them square. Then to this opening fit the patch exactly, with the edges turned and basted; and sew it in "over and over" on the wrong side with thread of the precise shade and very fine, sewing alternate opposite sides to avoid trouble with the corners. The extra thickness caused by the folded corners of the patch itself should be cut out after sewing, and a little fine darning added to keep them secure. Now slightly dampen and press on the wrong side, and you have a neat piece of mending which cannot be seen a few feet away. Figures and striped goods must, of course, be carefully matched; heavy woolen fabrics, such as men and boys wear, need not have seams turned, the clean-cut edge being strong enough to hold.—*New York Evening Post*.

Miscellaneous.

THE OLD STONE BASIN.

In the heart of the busy city,
In the scorching noon-tide heat,
A sound of bubbling water
Falls on the din of the street.

It falls in a gray stone basin,
And over the cool wet brink
The heads of thirsty horses
Are stretched each moment to drink.

And peeping between the crowding heads
As the horses come and go,
"The Gift of Three Little Sisters,"
Is read on the stone below.

Ah, beasts are not taught letters,
They know no alphabet;
And never a horse in all these years
Has read the words, and yet

I think that each toll-worn creature
Who stops to drink by the way,
His thanks in his own dumb fashion,
To the sisters small must pay.

Years have gone by since busy hands
Wrought at the basin's stone;
The kindly little sisters
Are all to women grown.

I do not know their home or fates
Or the name they bear to men,
But the sweetness of their gracious deed
Is just as sweet as then.

And all life long, and after life,
They must the happier be,
For this "Cup of Water" given by them
When they were children three.

—St. Nicholas for January.

THE SWISS ALPS.

Mr. J. W. Judd, F. R. S., Professor of Geology at the Royal School of Mines, lectured recently before the London Institution, his subject being the formation of the Swiss Alps. The results of geological observations are, as the lecturer pointed out, that four stages can be recognized in the history of these Alps. First, the existence of a line of weakness in the earth's crust nearly coincident with the lines of the present mountains. This is evidenced by the fact that along this line of weakness there were volcanic outbursts, the results of which can still be traced. Secondly, there followed along this line of weakness a depression, and in this huge "trough" of miles in extent there were accumulated sands, limestones, and clays, by various forms of water agencies and by animals living in the waters. Thirdly, there followed the consolidation of these soft and loose materials. There is evidence that the accumulation was from six to seven miles in thickness, and the mere weight of the superincumbent material on the lower strata would have a share in effecting consolidation. But this was not all. Under this vast covering heat had led to crystallization from fusion. There was, too, the crushing in from the sides of the trough. This was illustrated by a model of the late Sir H. de la Beche, where lateral pressure was employed on layers of different colored cloth, showing how crumpling resulted, with uplifting of parts of the accumulated mass. Fourthly, there had been the sculpturing of all this into its present form, which was the work of rains and frosts. Some of the existing peaks even 3,000 feet high, were composed entirely of the disintegrated material, resulting from the action of water, either as ice in glaciers or as rain and streams. The amount of material removed in this way was so stupendous it was almost staggering to try to grasp the facts. The sculpturing of the contours is still going on. The fourth stage was of quite recent date, speaking geologically; but the whole history involved a lapse of time which at the beginning of this century philosophers would not have been prepared to grant, even if this since acquired knowledge of facts had been presented to them. Professor Judd concluded by pointing out the influence Sir Charles Lyell had had in modifying popular thought on such matters.

ALASKA INDIANS.

Among the passengers of the steamer St. Paul, eleven days from Unalaska, were a number of gentlemen who have spent some years in the solitary islands adjacent to Alaska, where the great seal fisheries are carried on by the Alaska Commercial Company, and from whom some interesting facts were learned. The islands are largely populated by natives, who live in a primitive style of hut called barabaka. These natives are of dark as gypsies, where their blood is pure, and have faces of the usual Equimaux type. Their standard of morality is low, and venereal diseases prevail. They drink a liquor made from brown sugar and an infusion of herbs, which is more overpowering in its effects than the most villainous whiskey, and are, moreover, much addicted to gambling when they have the wherewithal to stake. The native tongue is a corruption of Russian, but the majority have learned to speak very fair English from their intercourse with the employees of the seal company. They

are devout worshippers of the Greek Church, and the restraining influence of Church and priest is of incalculable value. The temperature of the island is quite cold, but without the sudden variations which occur in the New England States. The summer season is extremely short, and the only vegetable that can be raised throughout the islands is the radish, which can neither be fricasseed, boiled or stewed for a change, but must be eaten in the simple, old-fashioned way, however greatly tempted the cultivators may be to present some variety in the way of serving their one fresh vegetable. Potatoes, onions, and cabbages are carried up from San Francisco, and the company transport every variety of canned and dried fruit and vegetable; but fresh fruit and the choicer vegetables, as green peas, string beans, green corn and asparagus, are not tasted from one year's end to another, save in their poorly canned substitutes, a deprivation that must be particularly severe on Californians. St. Paul's Island, one of the principal seal fisheries, is a hilly strip of land about twelve miles long, with a beautiful harbor. There are about 600 houses here, built by the companies for the natives in their employ, and the company's house, a frame building of plain exterior, containing ten or twelve rooms and a nice library and piano, much appreciated by the exiles and visitors to this lonely land. Mails are received only about twice a year, but the time is passed pleasantly and happily, far away as the inhabitants are from politics and fashion and Congress and yellow fever. Chickens, hogs, and cattle are raised by the company, but the most stylish equipage on the island is an express cart drawn by a mule—none the less appreciated, however. The natives here earn good wages, sometimes making from \$100 to \$150 a month during the four working months in the year. Having their rent free, burning coal supplied by the company, and blubber for lights, and subsisting chiefly on sea meat, they may be considered very prosperous. They spend a great deal of money in clothes, usually preferring bright colors, but will throw a sack of blubber just as readily across their shoulders when clad in a gay new suit as if in their working clothes. The children are educated at a school provided by the company, but are anything but apt scholars, extremely filthy in their habits and difficult to manage. There is a pretty little Greek church in the settlement, and adjoining it a small graveyard with many graves—a simple wooden cross marking these last abiding places. Here lies buried a young fellow belonging to the signal service detachment, who died of exhaustion a short time after he arrived at the station. The cold during the winter is intense, but so subtle that the victim is scarcely aware of its rigor before he is overpowered. During the summer months about one hundred varieties of flowers—many very beautiful—bloom on the hillsides. The season is so short that they spring from the frozen ground, bud, blossom, and mature in an incredibly short time. Beautiful sea mosses are also washed ashore.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

THE AGE OF STEEL.

We are now entering upon the Age of Steel. Twenty years ago we thought we were then just entering upon the Age of Iron. But already iron is going and steel coming. The rapid progress of our world of to-day scarcely gives us time to consider how we may adapt ourselves to the coming change before it is upon us.

Of all the great modern industries the manufacture of Bessemer steel has been the most rapid and astonishing in its growth. Not twenty years ago we were earnestly hoping for the time when our own rail mills would be able to make iron enough for the demands of the railroads. We had been paying the foreign manufacturers until the tax was burdensome. Suddenly came the Bessemer process and the situation was changed as if by magic. Of the 2,000,000 tons of Bessemer steel produced in the world we are making more than one quarter, or 525,000 tons. We are making of Bessemer steel two-thirds as much as Great Britain, more than twice as much as Germany, and a little more than both Germany and France. And this is only the beginning. As yet we have not had time to look about us to see fully to what uses we may put the new steel profitably. Thus far but a single purpose, railroad bars, has been well or extensively carried out. Almost the entire product of the steel converters up to this time has been for railroad uses.

The future is to show the multitudinous uses to which Bessemer steel may be applied with advantage. But the present is telling with disastrous effect on the iron furnaces and forges. The effect will be in the end, we predict, as in the case of other modern discoveries, not such a radical substitution of steel for iron as has been the case so far, but

a partial substitution, with a manifold increase of uses for which steel has heretofore been too costly.

Bessemer steel does not materially conflict with the uses of cast or refined steel; its peculiar field of usefulness is that heretofore occupied by wrought iron. Having hardness and ductility, and a tensile strength far in excess of iron, whilst not much exceeding the latter metal in cost, it is easy to see a reason for its substitution.

The latter process, by which Bessemer steel is made directly from the ore, is another step toward cheapening its cost and increasing its usefulness. What science will do in the matter of refining Bessemer steel so as to fit it for cutlery and the finer arts for which it is now unfit, time alone can show.

While so many furnaces are idle, or nearly so, the reports from the steel mills have been for weeks past, unvaried—full employment, with orders ahead. This shows plainly enough that we are entering upon an Age of Steel.—*American Railroad Journal*.

SCOTCH UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

I suppose that fully one-third of the Scottish students are steeped in poverty. The college year generally consists of about five months, and I have known men to cover all the expenses of this period with twenty-two pounds. It is true that this was in Aberdeen, where a hundred fresh herrings used to go for a sixpence and a splendid dinner of fish might be purchased for a penny; but if it is remembered that the sum I have mentioned covered the fees for the various classes, amounting to about ten pounds, and that it was upon the balance of twelve pounds, that the students contrived to subsist for these dreary five months, the feat will appear sufficiently marvelous. It is the students who live in this sort of way that are the most interesting characters in the Scottish universities; and it is their necessities that have gone to extinguish the student-life of a former day, when the students lived together and dined at a common table. The struggle of some of these men upward, in the face of terrific odds, is almost sublime.

One of the twenty-two pounders I have mentioned was a very humble individual; but he fought like a hero and his life was a constant marvel. He was so poor, indeed, that before one came near the question, "How on earth does this man keep body and soul together, besides paying his college fees, with so small a sum?" the previous question presented itself as even more difficult; "Where did he get his twenty-two pounds?" He had been a carpenter; he had curtailed his hours, in order to devote them to study; he got the cast-off clothes of the parish minister, and somebody else made him a present of an old gown. At the commencement of his first session he was fortunate enough to obtain a bursary of ten pounds. It was a little fortune to him—an annuity of ten pounds for four years to come. When he saw his name on the list of winners, he made such queer faces to conceal his emotions that all eyes were turned upon him, and it was ever afterward a joke against him. For the remaining twelve pounds he managed in this way: He worked four hours a day in a carpenter's shop, at three pence an hour, and thus earned from six to seven pounds during his residence at the university, to which he was able to add five pounds from previous savings. He got friends to lend him books; and I have an idea that he earned something on Sabbaths by acting as preceptor in one of the city churches. It was his dinner-hour, and his landlady came to him with something on an old black, rusty tray. "Not just yet, Mrs. Todd," he said in great embarrassment; and the lady forthwith departed. "Don't go away," he then said to me. "Now don't. My dinner is never done enough, and if you stay a little, I'll get it properly cooked to-day." I left him three minutes afterward, and outside his door there was his dinner, getting cold—a herring and three potatoes! He lived in a box of a room, his bed being in one corner of it; and this accommodation he shared with another man, who worked even harder than he.—*Appleton's Journal*.

A STORY OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS.

Of the late Czar Nicholas, "a Russian Nihilist" tells in *The North American Review* a striking story. A young student, a relative of the writer, had with a few friends formed a literary society in which the works of cotemporary political economists, publicists and philosophers were read and debated. The secret police denounced this society as a revolutionary organization, and the young student was imprisoned and condemned to Siberia. All possible influence was brought to bear upon the Czar, but in vain, and at last the young man's mother, meeting the Czar in the Summer

Garden, knelt and implored her son's pardon, asserting his innocence. The Czar seemed touched, and promised to give the youth a personal interview. The latter was brought to his majesty the next day, and the Czar forcing him to his knees before an image of the Saviour, exclaimed: "Can you swear before the Almighty God that neither you nor your associates had any criminal design against my life? Can you swear that you believe in the holiness and eternity of the Russian autocracy?" The surprised prisoner answered: "I can swear to your majesty that neither I nor my friends had the remotest idea against your safety. As to the autocratic form of government, I cannot conscientiously swear that I believe in its eternity. The history of other countries teaches me that the time must come, even in Russia, when the people themselves will take part in its government." The Czar tenderly embraced the student, and giving him a ring drawn from the imperial finger, said: "This is a token of respect from your Czar. You have been sincere and truthful to me, and there is nothing I hate so much as a lie." He then approached the writing-table where lay the student's sentence of exile, and with one stroke of the pen—signed the paper! "I pity you from the bottom of my heart," he said; "you are an honest man, and an honest man, true to his convictions is more dangerous to autocracy than an unprincipled rascal. Therefore, I must punish you, though never was this duty more painful to me than now. God bless you my son, and judge me mercifully if I should appear to be in the wrong." Then once more embracing the student, he dismissed him to Siberia.

Selections.

Learning is pleasurable, but doing is the height of enjoyment.

Afflictions, like God's angels, will move away when they have done their errand.

Though the Word and the Spirit do the main work, yet suffering so unbolts the door of the heart that both the Word and the Spirit have easier entrance.

A contemplative life has more the appearance of a life of piety than any other; but it is the Divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise.—*Cecil*.

Kingsley says the love of man for woman, when sanctified by religious feeling, is the greatest of all forces that work for social or individual good.

Every man has in his own life follies enough, in his own mind troubles enough, in his own heart imperfections enough, in the performance of his duties deficiencies enough, without being curious after the affairs of others.

The hiding-places of men are discovered by affliction. As one has aptly said, "Our refuges are like the nests of birds: in summer they are hidden among the green leaves, but in winter they are seen among the naked branches."

The Lord's Supper is the most spiritual ordinance ever instituted; here we have more immediately to do with Christ. In prayer we draw near through Him, but in this ordinance we become one with Him; in the Word preached we hear of Christ, but in the Supper we feed upon Him.—*Watson*.

Suffering well borne is better than suffering removed. When we reach the blessed garden above we shall find that out of the very bruises and wounds over which we sighed and groaned on earth have sprung verdant branches, bearing most precious fruit for eternity.

The maelstrom attracts more notice than the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than the steady star; but it is better to be the fountain than the maelstrom, and star than comet, following out the sphere and orbit of quiet usefulness in which God places us.—*John Hall, D. D.*

Science and Art.

THE UTILIZATION OF PHOSPHORESCENCE.—Prof. Henry Morton, of the Stevens Institute, suggests the utilization of phosphorescence as a means of producing light. He says if we could paint our walls with such a body, it would "as it were absorb light during the day, and then emit it during the night, and it would only be necessary to have curtains to draw over our luminous walls at night to shut out their light when necessary, just as we now have curtains over our windows in the day time. By painting the outside of houses with the same material, all need of street lamps would be avoided." There are "practical difficulties" in the way, says the Professor—a hint that suggests he is making fun, slightly, of Mr. Edison.

HOW PLANTS PROVIDE FOR THE FUTURE.—Each species of plant must, of course, solve for itself the problem, during the course of its development, whether its energies will be best employed by hoarding nutriment for its own future use in bulbs and tubers, or by producing richly-endowed seeds which will give its offspring a better chance of rooting themselves comfortably, and so surviving in safety amid the ceaseless competition of rival species. The various cereals, such as wheat, barley, rye and oats, have found it most convenient to grow afresh with each season, and to supply their embryos with an abundant store of food for their sustenance during the infant stage of plant-life. Their example has been followed by peas and other pulses, by the wide class of nuts, and by the majority of garden fruits. On the other hand, the onion and tiger-lily store nutriment for themselves in the underground stem, surrounded by a mass of overlapping or closely-wound leaves, which we call a bulb; the iris and the crocus lay by their stock of food in a woody or fleshy stalk;

the potato makes a rich deposit of starch in its subterranean branches or tubers; the turnip, carrot, radish and beet use their root as the storehouse for their hoarded breadstuffs; while the orchis produces each year a new tubercle by the side of its existing root, and this second tubercle becomes in turn the parent of the next year's flowering stem. Perhaps, however, the common colchicum or meadow-saffron affords the most instructive instance of all; for during the summer it sends up green leaves alone, which devote their entire time to the accumulation of food stuffs in a corn at their side; and, when the autumn comes round, this corn produces, not leaves, but a naked flower-stalk, which pushes its way through the moist earth, and stands solitary before the October winds, depending wholly upon the stock of nutriment laid up for it in the corn.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

VENEERING SAWS.—Veneer saws for ivory are sometimes made as small as six inches in diameter, more generally fifteen to twenty inches. They are run at a lower rate of speed than those for wood, and are made to cut as many as thirty leaves to the inch. Those for wood are frequently of much larger size, are run at a higher velocity, and seldom cut more than fifteen leaves to the inch. About one third the material is wasted in sawdust.

Personal.

The wife of President Porter, of Yale College, has been elected President of the Connecticut Training School for Nurses.

Dr. McCosh has taken possession of his new residence at Princeton. The house will be the home of the future presidents of the College of New Jersey.

Jonathan Jennings, the first Governor of Indiana, and for a long time the sole representative in Congress from that State, has not even a headstone to mark his grave at Charlestown, Clark county, Indiana.

Oscar Gustavus Adolphus, Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, is nineteen years old, and is said to be intelligent, but ignorant of literature and art. He is spending the Winter in Rome, under the tutelage of Mr. Hare. The Prince is tall, fair-haired and awkward, with a simple and candid face and a rosy complexion.

Dr. Schliemann is ambitious to be United States Consul-General at Athens. He is an enthusiastic American, has married a Greek lady, and is building a fine palace in Athens. He is on good terms with the King, and would gladly give his services gratuitously, besides doing all he could for the United States in the various archaeological explorations now going on.

Captain W. W. Nevins, of the *Press*, will sail in a few days—probably about the middle of the month—for Europe, accompanied by his sister, Miss Blanche Nevins, who, having been commissioned by the State to execute the statue of General Peter Muhlenberg for the Hall of Statuary at Washington, desires, as said before, to avail herself of the art opportunities of Italy. They will go directly, after landing to Rome, where Miss Nevins proposes to remain indefinitely, but will complete, as early as possible, her model of the statue; while Captain Nevins, after spending some time there, will make an extended European tour. His only brother, Rev. R. J. Nevins, D. D., has been for a number of years in charge of the American Chapel at Rome.

Books and Periodicals.

THE PENN MONTHLY, devoted to Literature, Science, and Art, February 1879. Published for the Penn Monthly Association by Edward Stern & Co., Nos. 125 & 127 North 7th St., Phila.; London, Trubner & Co.; New York, A. Brentano; Berlin, A. Asher & Co. Terms, \$3.00 per annum; Single numbers, 30 cts.

This excellent magazine pleases us more and more at each successive issue. The outward execution of the work is according to our taste, and the contents are always fresh and instructive. We have already called attention to the review of "The Month," by Prof. Thompson, as an interesting feature of the work. Under this head the February number treats ably of the following subjects:

The Situation in Afghanistan; Hard Times in Europe and "The Alarming Growth of Protectionism;" Prince Bismarck's Measures of "Strong Government;" The Political Crisis in France; The Teller Investigation of Southern Elections; State Rights Theories and the Constitution; "Certificates of Deposit" versus Post Office Savings Banks; The Costliness of Resumption; A Premium on Gold through Resumption in Greenbacks; The New York Banks Distrust Resumption; Will Resumption Hasten the Coming of Better Times? Civic Nominations and Elections in Philadelphia; The Deaths of Drs. McMichael and Beale.

Besides these, we have more extended articles upon these topics: Art Industry at the Paris Exposition, X. France, Hofrath J. von Falke; Mr. Morgan upon Early Roman History; The Peasants of North Germany; Maude Porter; Schuykill, John Arthur Henry; Norwegian Summer Days; New Books, Miss Fothergill's The First Violin; Van Laun's French Revolutionary Epoch; Social Etiquette of New York; Arnold's "Johnson's Chief Lives of the Poets; Matthews' Oratory and Orators; Books Received.

THE PREACHER AND HOMILETIC MONTHLY for February presents an interesting table of contents: "Making All Things New," by Theodore Christlieb, D. D., LL. D.; "Christ at Home," by J. P. Newman, D. D.; "The Flight of Time—A New Year's Sermon," by C. H. Hall, D. D.; "Light in the Clouds; or, Comfort for the Discouraged," by W. Layland Hoyt, D. D.; "The Astonishment of Nebuchadnezzar as He Looked into the Fiery Furnace," by Rev. Joseph Elliott; "Ingersoll's Attack on the Bible," by S. V. Leech, D. D.; "Weak Points; or, Leaks of Power in State and in Church," by C. Y. Swan, D. D.; "The Relation of Christianity to Intellectual Culture," by C. N. Sims, D. D.; "Sinai Sends Sinners to Calvary," by Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.; "Destructiveness of Skepticism," by J. L. Burrows, D. D.; "A Translated Bible is the Word of God," by Thomas H. Skinner, D. D.; "Redeeming the Time," by R. S. Storrs, D. D.; "Children's Service; The Best Robe," by Rev. David Winters; Anniversary Service; "The Elements of Grandeur in a Church," by J. M. Buckley, D. D. In addition to the above we have a very able paper on "Expository Preaching," the first of a series, by William M. Taylor, D. D., whose sermons ably illustrate the advantages of this method of sermonizing; also a "Text Study," by Dr. Geikie, the author of the "Life of Christ," "The Preachers Exchanging Views" Department is of special interest, as several of our leading clergymen tell how they prepare their sermons and give other bits of experience. The "Suggestive Commentary of a Harmony of the Gospels," by the Editor, is continued. Under "Sermonic Criticism" we have "Elements of Power in Dr. Storrs' Oratory," and a remarkable interview with a business man, who severely criticizes clergymen. This number is of more than usual interest. Published by The Religious Newspaper Agency, New York. Price 25 cts per number; \$2.50 per year.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. T. J. BARKLEY,
Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☐ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1879.

THE WINNOWING PROCESS.

There is one side of our divine Redeemer's life and mission which, it seems to us, is not universally appreciated. We refer to the phase of His kingdom which He sets forth when He says, "Think not that I am come to send peace upon the earth: I came not to send peace, but the sword." This declaration does not contradict the fact that Christ was the Prince of Peace, and that our humanity is to be re-headed and reunited in Him. Nor will it serve as a justification of all the bitter disputes and differences of opinion in the world as though Christ Himself were divided.

But it certainly does mean, that there is to be a winnowing process, in which the chaff is to be separated from the wheat. John the Baptist, although on the very threshold of the new dispensation, was still in the old, and did not understand the gracious nature of the Master's work, but he still uttered a solemn truth when he described Him as one "whose fan is in His hand."

Christianity could triumph only by the destruction of sin. It grappled not only with the old civilizations, but also with the old religions of the world, and there was a tiger strife, because, after all, these, contemplated the deepest questions of life. Imperial Rome, for instance, saw that the kingdom of Christ would so express itself, as to overthrow any earthly kingdom founded on force or fraud, emptying Olympus of its gods and heroes, and weaving all scattered rays of glory into His own crown of light. Of course here was a broad clashing antagonism, the powers of evil joining in a terrible grip with the good, to strangle or be strangled by it, for life or death depended upon the issue. Hence the warfare of heathenism upon the Church. It was bound to come, and in this sense our divine Redeemer came to send the sword upon the earth.

But the conflicts of the Church have not been simply with the outside world. There have been inward throes and struggles showing themselves, not only in the casting off of heresies, and the upheaval of the great Reformation, but not unfrequently taking the form of unhallowed persecutions, like the Spanish Inquisition, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew's eve, or causing the disturbances of the Thirty Years' War. Explain it as we will, the evidence of the supernatural character of Christianity, which stands next to the way in which it unites men, is the way in which it has divided them. What think ye of Christ? is, after all, the great question for man. Upon that his eternal destiny depends, and it will mould his character and control all other relations. Father and mother, and wife and children are set at variance by it, because none of these can rightfully stand between a man and his God. The idea that Socrates, or Plato, or Alexander, or Cæsar, could produce such an effect, with their systems and conquests, will strike any thinking man as superlatively ridiculous. They never could raise such deep issues, or involve men in such conflicts.

But the tests to which our whole humanity, and even individual men, are put by the Christian religion, are the deepest that can be conceived of, and those who fail before them, only show that the kingdom of God is not for them the strongest power. The trials may be made up of inward besetments and experiences in many cases, rather than marked by peculiar outward circumstances, but the interest is vital, and is bound to separate the chaff from the wheat in the end.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON ON THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Governor Robinson, in his late message to the Legislature of New York, expresses the decided opinion, that the common schools of that State are becoming a grievous burden, by having the higher branches of education taught in them. The poor can seldom avail themselves of this advantage, even when tuition is free, and they are taxed to support the sons of men, who are amply able to bear the expense themselves. Governor Robinson is a great friend of the public schools, but sees that their very existence will be endangered, unless the unnecessary drain upon the State is stopped in time. The same false zeal, which hoped to carry out the Utopian scheme of educating every citizen up to the standard required for excellency in the learned professions at the cost of the public, is giving way in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, as required legislative appropriations are summed up. Boston, the most advanced city in this regard in the United States, has already been appalled by the way, in which its great resources would be exhausted by the strain made upon them for this one thing, and all over the land men are beginning to feel, that there is a legitimate sphere for academies and colleges. We give an extract from Governor Robinson's message along with the other extracts from our exchanges.

THE EASTER SEASON.

It is a peculiarity of the great festival days of the Church, that they do not stand alone, like isolated points on a circle, with nothing but empty space intervening. This is not the case in regard to national holidays, which only commemorate some important events as having occurred on such days of the year. They are points on the annual cycle, of great interest to the citizen, but there is nothing in the spaces between that have any necessary connection with them. Therefore, the civil State has not, in any proper sense, a national year. It has the civil solar year, corresponding as nearly as practicable with the exact or astronomical solar year; and this same annual period of time is also called the fiscal year, in reference to the national finances; and this, too, has its special days and periods, but without any relation to one another, except only that of temporal space.

Now with many people the Christian year is without any meaning whatever. As to the great festival days, they simply know that Christmas comes on the 25th of December, and Easter and Pentecost on the days fixed by the Almanac. There is no before nor after these holy days, except mere blank stretches of time. Hence it is, that many persons, who have some traditional respect for the leading festival days, make no earnest account of them. They pass suddenly into them from secular time, and as suddenly out into secular time. No season of preparation for the gospel feast on the holy day, no season for reflection and improvement of its benefits, after the day is past. And then, too, just because the church year is either unknown or ignored by some, the foolish argument is used for rejecting entirely the observance of special holy days, namely: that the precise time when the events to be celebrated occurred is unknown. They tell us: We know that Washington was born on the 22d of February, and our national independence declared on the fourth of July; but we do not know that Jesus was born on the 25th of December. Therefore: we will close our places of business on Washington's birthday, in honor of the Father of his Country, knowing what we are doing; but, on so called Christmas—well, we will not observe it religiously, it would be superstitious to do so. And so of the other days on which are commemorated great facts of redemption.

But let not the great festival days of the Church be viewed as mere points in the annual cycle, or as oases in a barren desert; let them be viewed as centres in the one unbroken system of our Lord's redeeming work, as presented in the whole sacred year. We have no hesita-

tion in saying, that, if they are dissociated from their proper relations, they are of no account whatever: and it is no wonder that little or no account is made of them by those who view them in such naked form—like solitary suns in an empty heaven. Take away from the year its sacred character, and the proper significance of the leading Christian festivals comes to an end.

The Christian year is divided into appropriate seasons, in accordance with the redeeming work of Christ. The Easter Season, beginning with Septuagesima Sunday, and ending with the Third Sunday after Easter proper, has again come. These three weeks before Lent is the season of preparation for that great fast. This is no time, therefore, for giving rein to the desires of the flesh—as many, judging from their conduct, seem to think—but, rather, it is a special time to look toward Calvary and the cross, and consider how great our miseries are, by the aid of the great truth proclaimed back to us: That Christ died for our redemption. There is no place in the Christian year for a carnival—most especially not on the eve of the most solemn Christian fast. We would urge all the professed followers of Christ to study carefully and devoutly the gospels, epistles and collects, as they occur in their proper order, from this time on to Easter; in order that through the discipline of fasting, self-examination and prayer, they may have right to the Tree of Life at the rejoicings of the resurrection feast.

And only as you do this, will the festival of our Lord's resurrection, as such, be of real advantage and blessing to you. Sow the seeds of true repentance now, and bring forth fruits meet for the same, and you shall reap the reward of joyful communion with your risen Lord.

K.

A SAD DEFECTION.

The Baltimore papers have lately announced, that the Rev. Dr. D. Gans, who was, until recently, pastor of the Third Reformed Church of that city, has renounced his connection with the Reformed Church, and is preparing to enter into the Roman Catholic Church. Those familiar with his inside history, as developed during a number of years past, are not surprised at this result. He has persistently kept himself aloof from his brethren, found fault with the Reformed Church and its prevailing theology, freely criticised the professors in our literary and theological institutions, and like his former familiar associates, Ermentrout, Wolff and Forney, read Roman Catholic books and periodicals, to the exclusion of the productions of his own Church and of other Protestant Churches. According to his own statement, as made to a reporter of the *Baltimore Sun*, he has been contemplating something of this kind for years, and, hence, has gradually prepared himself for entering upon the legal profession. Accordingly, as was conjectured by some at the time, his recent break with his Classis, which he made the pretext for resigning his charge, was only a blind to cover up his tracks, for the time, and prepare the way for the latest denouement.

His case, in many respects, is a sad one, for himself, for his family and friends, in which number we are included, and for his mother Church. It should serve as a warning to all those, who freely tamper with Roman Catholic writings, some of which, it must be admitted, are fascinating to speculative and unsettled minds, and well adapted to lead such astray. We trust now, since the quarternary named have all made their exit, the Reformed Church will not soon again be subjected to a similar infliction.

The congregation at Baltimore, which he succeeded in involving in the most serious difficulties, in connection with his withdrawal from its pastorate, deserves the warmest sympathies and most earnest prayers of the Church. We are pleased to learn, that they have unanimously called the Rev. Conrad Claver, of Columbia, Pa., to the vacant pastorate. Should he accept, whilst the necessity for leaving his present charge

may be regretted, the congregation will have a fair prospect of speedily recovering from its present distracted and prostrate condition.

F.

AN ADDITIONAL WORD.

We had written another and, perhaps, a severer article than the one which appears in our editorial columns upon the "defection," which has caused its ripple in our Church during the past week; but, upon consideration, we thought that, in view of Dr. Fisher's intimate family and official relations with the malcontent, it was better that his statement should appear. Lest, however, this might by any possibility be construed into the shirking of the responsibility which, after all, rests upon us, we wish to say, that we heartily endorse every word that our venerable associate has written. If less had been said on the subject, the silence might have been attributed to indifference; but we will try not to add much more, because those, who get too wise and good to remain Protestants, usually court a cheap notoriety and a painless martyrdom, to which we do not care to contribute.

We wish, in this connection, to thank those editors of religious and other journals, who, in noticing this defection, have, while mentioning the lamentable fact, thrown no blame on a Church, which is as anxious as any other to purge itself from the evil in such matters. The time of sweeping uncharitable judgments seems to be passing away, and this augurs well for a better state of things. The man, who lapses into Romanism, Unitarianism, Universalism, or bald infidelity, may well be expected to carry his own wares to market, instead of skulking, like a coward, behind false charges against others.

K.

Notes and Quotes.

Cremation has so far attracted public attention in Bavaria, that the government has sent a circular to the "Heads of Religious Bodies, to ascertain their opinion, as to the advisability of encouraging it."

The *Methodist* says: "Dr. Dollinger's Old Catholics have made a mess of their mode of allowing priests to marry. They permit marriage, indeed, but they require, that the wife shall be acceptable to and approved by a majority of the congregation and the bishop. No previous folly is quite equal to this last." Whereupon the *Interior* asks: "Well, but isn't that the rule in this country—that the minister's wife must be acceptable to a majority of the congregation?"

One of the clerical venders of "pure, non-fermenting communion wine," says the *Independent*, has been indulging in a profane method of advertising his wares. He has a way of sending a demijohn of his stuff to the towns where conferences or synods are to meet, with a request that it be used in the sacramental service of the body. One of these demijohns lately came to the Rev. Dr. N., who put it into his cellar. When the Synod met and the day came around for the communion season the good Doctor sent down cellar for the pure wine; but the non-fermenting liquor had burst the demijohn and overflowed, and the cellar smelt like a bar-room. But the Synod was spared the imposition of making the Lord's Supper an occasion for sampling liquor.

"At the weekly conference meetings, the Rev. Dr. Blank was a good deal pestered by a zealous brother, who was very much edified by his own exhortations; and it was often deemed necessary to 'head him off,' by calling on somebody else to speak or pray just as he was about to begin. On one occasion, as he rose to speak, the pastor gently interrupted him by saying: 'Brother, will you lead us in prayer?' The brother hesitated a moment and made answer: 'I was about to offer a few remarks; but, perhaps, I can throw them into the form of a prayer.'"

The above is going the rounds, and if it is not a veritable anecdote, it covers a great deal of history. It is not an un-

common thing for men of a certain type, to talk to people over the shoulders of the good Lord, if, instead of having the opportunity to make a speech, they are forced to take what is regarded as the commonplace duty of offering a prayer.

A correspondent whose initials, if given, would be readily expanded into the name of a well-known and educated layman of our Church, sends us the following upon "Private Judgment," to which we give prominence by inserting it here as a note:

"It is a common habit of persons, who are drawn by any motive whatever to the Roman Catholic Church, to sneer at 'private judgment.' Some years since, Rev. Dr. Stone, an Episcopal minister, and President of Kenyon College, made the summersault, and published his 'Reasons for a Return to Catholic Unity.' These were severely handled by Rev. L. W. Bacon, now of Norwich, Ct., who closed with this reference to private judgment as the influencing cause. It seems as though the extract were just as good now as it was in 1870:

'Until two (twenty?) years ago, the author (Dr. Stone), believing himself to be entirely sincere and candid, held, as the result of private judgment, a system (according to his own statement) wildly inconsistent, illogical and self-destructive, which he vindicated to himself and others by arguments plausible and satisfactory. Within two (twenty?) years, after candid but astonishingly brief examination, in the exercise of the same private judgment, he has dropped that system and adopted another, also with entire sincerity, and vindicated by plausible arguments, which he is not now permitted candidly to re-examine. It is solely by the use of the same private judgment, that played him so false before, that he has come to embrace this other system.

Query.—What is the probability that he has got the truth now?

This is what he may never know. One thing alone he holds intelligently—that the Roman Church is the true Church of Christ; and this he knows only by his poor private judgment, which he is not permitted to revise. Everything else he takes on the authority of this. And this, being known only by private judgment, may be a mistake. Poor man!"

Among the Exchanges.

The *Methodist* well says:

There is one curious and most troublesome type of religion. It is that of people who are, they tell us, directly instructed by the Lord to do improper things. We say improper things, because the actions are usually such as might be right under other circumstances. It might be right, for instance, to urge a dying man to give his property to the Church, if he has no children to inherit it. To urge him to disinherit them because they are not pious, and to claim divine guidance in such advice, is to do an improper thing, not to say an unrighteous one. Motive enters into the judgment to be pronounced; and it is seldom that such persons have a bad motive, *consciously*. Their real motives they know as little as they know the Lord's will. They have formed a habit of praying for guidance and of assuming that *what they feel like doing after such a prayer* is the Lord's will. Their very sincerity makes such persons dangerous to society, and they are numerous enough to create a great deal of misery—and infidelity.

The *Examiner and Chronicle*, speaking of another set of people—those "Strong to sit still"—says:

The people whose strength is to sit still are of two kinds. One class are hinderers of their brethren. They are not content with sitting still themselves, but would have every one else join them. And it is astonishingly easy to be a hinderer. It requires no skill, no zeal, no intelligence. All that is necessary is to sit down in the way of the workers. Many a pastor's strength is worn out and his spirit broken by these hinderers. Another class is simply a dead weight that must be carried. Whenever anything is to be done, they present the *vis inertia* that must be overcome. They do not actively hinder; if they are just left to sit still comfortably, they are contented. Their resistance is only passive. But either class is a drawback upon the usefulness of the Church.

Rev. Phillips Brooks, speaking of Opinion and Faith, remarks:

"The reason why a great many people seem to be always changing their faith, is that they never really have any faith. They have indeed what they call a faith, and are often very positive about it. They have gathered together a number of opinions and fancies, often very ill considered, which they say they believe, using the deep and sacred Word for a very superficial and frivolous action of their wills. They no more have a faith than a vagrant has a home, who sleeps upon a different doorstep every night. And yet he does sleep somewhere every night, and so these wanderers among the creeds, at each given moment, are believing something, although that something is forever altering. We do not properly believe what we only think. A thousand speculations come into our heads, and our minds dwell upon them, which are not, therefore, to be put into our creed, however possible they seem. Our creed, our credo, anything which we call by such a sacred name, is not what we have thought, but what our Lord has told us. The true creed must come down from above—not out from within. Have your opinions always, but do not bind yourself to them. Call your opinions your creed, and you will change it every week. Make your creed simply and broadly out of the revelation of God, and you may keep it to the end."

This is the extract from Governor Robinson's message, to which we have referred in our Editorial columns.

"In my former messages I have given fully my views in regard to the proper scope and extent of the schools that should be maintained by general taxation. All my subsequent observation has confirmed the opinions expressed upon this subject. To the extent of giving to every child in the State a good common school education, sufficient to enable him or her to understand and perform the duties of American citizenship, and to carry on intelligently and successfully the ordinary labors of life the common schools are and should be objects of the deepest concern to the whole community. To the few who desire and are capable of a still higher education, and who have an ambition to shine as professional men, and in the arts of literature, music, painting and poetry, the door is wide open for them to win distinction in those callings. But to levy taxes upon the people for such purposes, is a species of legalized robbery, and even the recipients come to know it. Their sense of justice cannot fail to condemn it. It lowers their standard of morality and helps to debase, instead of purifying, public opinion. It also breeds discontent on the part of those who are educated, or attempted to be educated, to something above that for which they are fitted. It really disqualifies them for those duties and labors to which alone they are by nature adapted, so that not only great injustice, but great demoralization is the result of a system which collects money by force from one man to educate the children of another man, for callings which they can never fill. The argument sometimes advanced that this system is a benefit to the poor is an utter fallacy. The children of the poor man generally leave the schools with a common school education, and go to work for themselves or their parents. Yet while the poor man's children are thus at work, his little home is taxed to give to the children of others a collegiate education. Nine in ten of those educated in the so called high schools at the public expense, would far better pay their own bills, than to have them paid by the people of the State. These views are so manifestly just, that I have no doubt they will ultimately prevail. Indeed there seems to have been already a cessation of efforts to establish high schools, academies and colleges and support them by taxation. So far as I can learn, the normal schools established in various parts of the State are, with two or three exceptions, wholly useless, and fail almost entirely to accomplish the objects for which they were established, and for which the State is annually paying large amounts of money from the Treasury. I recommend an inquiry into the working of these institutions, and a discontinuance of all those, which fail to accomplish the purposes of their establishment."

Rev. Joseph Cook makes the following fearful indictment against the Free Religionists:

As the agent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice was engaged in the performance of his duties at Newark, not many years ago, he was stabbed twice by a criminal, who had been making an infamous use of the mails under different aliases and through fifteen post-offices. The second blow of the dagger laid open a great flesh wound in the face, severed four arteries, and came very near being fatal. It is with men of the type of this assassin that the majority of the National League of Free Religionists have now publicly struck hands in demanding the total repeal of the laws which repress in the United States the most abominable traffic known to the leprous outlaws of the ghouls and ogres of the city slums. I am not speaking at random, nor in haste. Utterly incredible as the news may appear to excellent people, who are slow to believe reports of ghastly crime, and too busy to attend to the obscure performances of infidel conventions, the following facts are all matters of painful public notoriety in Boston, and susceptible of the most explicit proof from the pages of the *Free Religionist* official publication:

1. A Free Religious infidel lecturer has lately been arrested in Boston, and sent to Dedham Jail, for making an immoral use of the mails.

2. A meeting in sympathy with this public criminal was held by Free Religionist infidels in Boston, in Faneuil Hall.

3. At the National Convention of Free Religionist infidels at Syracuse, in October, a large majority of the 138 representatives of Cultured Free Thought present then elected a set of officers known to be in favor of the total repeal of the present United States laws against the immoral use of the mails.

4. A minority at this convention seceded and formed a new National Liberal League, of which the object is to make the postal laws loose, rather than to repeal them, so far as they touch the topic of distribution of infamous matter.

5. Men under indictment for crimes against the postal laws were prominent at the Syracuse Convention, and their sentiments are reflected in the action of the majority.

6. The lawlessness of the majority is officially denounced by the loose minority in terms too scathing to be publicly cited.

7. Official and unofficial authorities agree that the public language of the men and women representing the majority of the Free Religionist Infidel Convention at Syracuse was unreportably odious, immoral and vile.

8. According to the official confession of the minority, therefore, the principal branch of the National League of Free Religionists is now in alliance with criminals of the most low and infamous type.

I know a school of superb culture, a temple of sanctity, where three hundred young women are gathered under the very best religious influences and the loftiest educational incitements. I have wandered up and down the hall of the palatial building in which their instruction is given; I have admired the work of art there, and had occasion to study minutely the enthusiasms for art and social improvement and religious usefulness which fill that school, and vivify its lofty regard for intellectual culture. But this institution publishes no catalogue. Why? Go to the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, to the Boston Society, or to the committees which have been organized to suppress vice at Providence and New Haven and Cincinnati and St. Louis and Chicago, and you will find that school catalogues are made the lattice-work through which moral lepers and assassins secretly, at night, under the cover of the mails, throw their poison into seminaries of all grades. It is a terrific sin of the times when shrewd men of affairs, conducting a great school, dare not publish a catalogue. The criminals, whom the Free Religionist infidels encourage, make this caution necessary. I

show you the caution in actual exercise. Within twenty miles of Boston the resplendent school I have described stands in its stately park, and within fifty rods of this platform is a hall, the most honored in this city, where a meeting was held in sympathy with the Free Religionist criminal, who is now in Dedham Jail. The thoughts which these facts suggest cannot be publicly expressed; but if they did not incite to moral rage, our apathy would itself deserve to be smitten with thunderbolts.

God has said that whoever offends one of His little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he drowned in the depths of the sea. Is there no granite left in Massachusetts, of the old-fashioned sort, out of which millstones can be made for the necks of cancer planters?

[Communicated.]

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Sunday School Convention of the Western District of Lebanon Classis held a meeting in the Reformed church at Campbellstown, Pa., commencing on the morning of the 4th of February, and continuing throughout the afternoon and evening of the same day. From a *seriatim* report of the proceedings published in the "Lebanon Daily News" of the 5th instant, we gather the following particulars:

Rev. Dr. G. Wolff was *President*, and Geo. W. Stine *Secretary* of the Convention.

The following four topics were discussed in connection with the proceedings:

1. "Family Nurture and its Relation to the Sunday School."

2. "How best to build up a good Sunday School."

3. "The Sunday School Lessons and their Preparation."

4. "The Object of the Sunday School, and how best to attain it."

The discussion of the first topic was opened by the Rev. Dr. F. W. Kremer, in an address of some length, which was followed by some remarks in the German language from the Rev. C. H. Mutchler.

The Rev. A. R. Bartholomew opened the discussion of the second topic. For building up a good Sunday School, material, a good Superintendent, good teachers, an attractive Sunday School room, and a good library are needed. He was followed with some remarks from the Secretary of the Convention and the Rev. Dr. T. S. Johnston.

The discussion of the third topic was opened by the Rev. Dr. J. E. Hiester, who spoke in the German language. Preparation by previous study and prayer is absolutely necessary, and no teacher should meet his class without it. The food must be made palatable, which can be accomplished only in this way. He was followed by the Rev. J. Calvin Leinbach, Dr. T. S. Johnston, Superintendent Rodearmel, and Dr. G. W. Aughinbaugh, who enlarged upon the points brought out by the first speaker. Rev. M. Schimpf, of the Lutheran Church, closed the discussion on this topic with some appropriate remarks in the German language.

The discussion of the fourth topic was opened by the Rev. Dr. T. S. Johnston, who referred to the object of the Sunday School as originally constituted, and to the object it is intended to subserve at the present day. He was followed in remarks embracing a variety of points, made by the Rev. Dr. F. W. Kremer, Dr. J. E. Hiester, Superintendent J. L. Lemberger, and Rev. Dr. G. Wolff.

The discussions were earnest, interesting and instructive. The following resolutions, prepared by a committee appointed for the purpose, were adopted as expressive of the views of the Convention in regard to the interests of the Sunday School cause within its bounds:

Resolved, That we regard Christian Nurture in the family in relation to the Sunday School of very great importance, to promote thereby not only childlike and youthful piety, but also a means to advance the Sunday School interest, which is the interest of Christ and His Church. We recommend that parents be urged to attend to this duty.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this committee a good Sunday School can only be built up by faithful Christian work and the blessing of God. We would urge upon all pastors, chorists, superintendents and officers of schools to cooperate together to awaken a general interest in the Sunday School cause, and to put forth efforts to bring into the school as far as possible the whole membership of the congregation, both young and old.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Convention, that the teachers in Sunday School should be properly qualified and prepared to teach the truth of the Bible as it is in Christ Jesus, through which and by which the Spirit of God sanctifies souls, we recommend to our people the introduction of teachers' meetings wherever practicable, for the purpose of better qualifying and preparing teachers for the important and responsible work, and to adopt such other measures as may be calculated to attain this end.

Resolved, That we believe that the Sunday School is the nursery of the Church, and hence the teaching and training in our Sunday Schools ought to have in view full and active membership in the Church as an object and end to be attained; we would urge upon all our Sunday Schools to conform their teachings and worship to the teachings and worship of the church in order to attain the true end of Sunday Schools.

Just before adjourning, the Convention, by resolution, returned its thanks to the members and friends of the Campbellstown congregation for the kind hospitality extended to its members.

[Communicated.]

IN MEMORY OF THE FIVE DEPARTED SCHOLARS OF CHRIST'S REFORMED SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

If we look around us, we behold death on all sides. The day dies in the sunset, and is swallowed in the womb of night, and we bury the departing year in the snows of Winter. Flowers droop and die in the mid-day sun, and forests are deprived of their green garb, and fields of their verdure, by the withering breath of Autumn and Winter, and the snow becomes their winding-sheet. Thus is humanity! "Man fadeth as the grass, and withereth as the flower thereof."

Death, like life, has a thousand forms. The flower that blooms in beauty and fragrance may "droop and die in the stillness of noon," or the rough wind may scatter its leaves and its beauty, or the careless foot may crush it, or destroying insects eat away its life; or

it may bloom till its vital powers are spent, and then die, because its strength is gone.

Even the end of day is various as nature herself. The day may pass away in darkness and gloom, withal quietly, or rain-cloud and storm-wind may conspire to tear the reluctant light from us before its time; or it may go to its rest gently and peacefully, leaving behind a glorious twilight as a monument over its grave.

Thus, again, is man! Childhood is a flower. It may bloom into manhood and womanhood, until it fades and dies in old age; or the withering hand of disease may strike it down, while the bud is yet hardly opened, to an untimely grave.

Again, the sun of life sets with some, not one ray of hope illuminating the end, and clouds of despair darkening the flight of the spirit. With some, death comes like a storm, when the soul is unprepared for its advent, and man, though struggling against fate, is hurried away, and his existence is wrecked upon the shores of eternity; and with some, life ends peacefully as a calm Summer day, and the twilight of eternal hope hovers over the departing soul.

But the sun that has departed still shines in other regions as brightly as here, and with the same light; and in due time it returns to us to re-unite itself with the objects it had forsaken, and to give to them life and beauty.

So the soul enters the celestial regions. Its last light here and its first light there are the same. And in due time it is again united to its body, which it animates thenceforth forever. "O death, where is thy sting?"

When the flower dies, the seed falls into the earth, until the revivifying sun of Spring causes it to spring forth with new life.

Thus the body is deposited in the earth as a seed unto the resurrection, and when the rays of the great Sun of Righteousness shall touch it, it too will come forth, incorruption from corruption, and be re-united with the spirit which animated it here. Then "death is swallowed up in victory."

These considerations are especially comforting at the present time, when the reaper, Death, is gathering in the sheaves on all sides. Christ's Reformed Sunday School has to mourn the departure of some who have heretofore met, and sung, and prayed as lambs of its fold. Within a very short time, the Father has taken home five of our dear ones. But we know that He has taken them home, and hence we mourn not as those without hope.

Thanksgiving came. Good Christian rejoiced and praised the Lord; but Minnie Huber celebrated it in heaven. There it is, after all, more real.

The earth was clad in the garb of death by the icy hands of December; and among those whom it locked in its cold embrace was Harrison Huber. But his spirit rests sweetly in the bosom of the Father.

The old year was dying, and with it died Harvey Huber. His mother and infant brother had just preceded him. No doubt there was a happy meeting, such as is only known among the angels on the other shore. Harvey began his new year at home.

Abraham Mack quickly followed these, for the Father wanted him too. And of those who knew and loved him here, welcomed him there.

Elmer Huber was too lonely here. And when the year was new, he changed mortality for immortality, and hurried home to his mother and brothers, with whom he now rejoices in God his Saviour.

These all rest. Through much suffering they received crowns. We also must bear the cross, if we would wear the crown. O let us watch and pray! Our time, too, will come, and we know neither the day nor the hour. These blessed spirits are calling to us from the other shore to come and share their joys and their glory. Who will go?

O Lord Jesus, help us to prepare for Thy coming. We are weak, but Thou art mighty. Help us to watch and pray, so that death may be to us the messenger of life and the harbinger of peace. Amen.

M. Z. HEITEL.

REV. ELI KELLER, Pastor.
C. K. CHRISTMAN, Supt.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

In connection with the late communion held in St. Paul's Reformed church, Manheim, Pa., of which Rev. Louis F. Zinkhan is pastor, seven persons were added to the church by confirmation. The pastor was assisted in the services by Prof. Jno. S. Stahr, of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.

During the last pastoral year, there has been an addition of twenty-six to this congregation, thirteen by confirmation and thirteen by certificate. Besides numerous improvements made in the church edifice, the congregation has erected a very fine parsonage, which will be entirely finished by the first of April.

On the evening before Christmas, the members very kindly remembered the pastor and his wife, presenting them with over one hundred useful household articles.

The attendance upon all the services is constantly increasing, the activities of the church are broadening, the membership is growing, and the congregation seems to possess all the elements of spiritual health and prosperity.

Six persons were added to St. John's Reformed church, Milton, Pa., of which the Rev. S. B. Schafer is pastor, one by confirmation and five by certificate.

On the evening of the 15th of January, the people of this congregation made their pastor and family a surprise visit. They brought with them and left at the parsonage, a large number of articles useful in a household, forming quite a formidable list, as enumerated in the acknowledgment published in the papers of the place. Along with the other things, the pastor received a beaver-cloth overcoat; the wife a black cashmere dress, drab alpaca wrapper, and woolen cap, and the little son an opera-flannel dress, rubbers and mittens.

The evening was spent socially, and enlivened with vocal and instrumental music. The presentation speech in behalf of the congregation, was made by Mr. J. J. Fausnacht, in which assurances were given of the good-will of the congregation toward the pastor and wife, and of their appreciation of their services. The pastor very naturally replied in befitting terms, assuring his people, that the visit was unexpected, and expressing his gratitude for this manifestation of their kind interest, as well as for the many other favors received, since the commencement of the present pastorate in June last.

At a communion service recently held in the church at Lewisburg, Pa., Rev. Jas. Crawford, pastor, sixteen persons were added to the membership. The congregation is in a prosperous condition.

At a special meeting of the Classis of Mercersburg held at Everett, Bedford county, Pa., the pastoral relations between the Rev. M. H. Sangree and the Everett charge, the Rev. A. C. Whitmer and Altoona charge, and the Rev. H. F. Seipel and the Hickory Bottom charges, were severally dissolved. Committees of supplies were also appointed for the charges becoming vacant. Reva E. N. Kremer, M. H. Sangree, and J. David Miller are the chairmen of the several committees in the order named.

Rev. Mr. Whitmer was dismissed to the Classis of West Susquehanna, from a charge in whose bounds he has accepted a call, and a call from the Water Street charge, to the Rev. M. H. Sangree, was confirmed and provision made for his installation.

At the close of the above special meeting, the Sunday-school Convention for the Middle District of Mercersburg Classis, was organized, by electing Elder A. Haderman, President, and Rev. I. N. Peightel, Secretary. At the evening session, and during the following day the following topics were discussed.

1. The Nature of the Sunday-school.
2. The Relation of the Sunday-school to the Church.
3. The Relation of the Sunday-school to the Family.
4. The Responsibility of the Sunday-school.
5. The Sunday-school Teacher—His Responsibility, His Preparation, and His Rewards.

Worship of Sunday-school—Sunday-school Hymns—Sunday-school Music—The Use of the Sacred Scriptures in the Sunday-school, and Almsgiving, were topics which also engaged attention. The occasion was one of much interest and profit. Our room forbids us to enter further into particulars at this time.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

The Winter communions in the Zion's charge, Crawford county, Pa., of which the Rev. J. W. Pious is pastor, closed on the 2d of February. Four persons were added to the St. John's church by confirmation. The congregation has recently very much improved its house of worship. It has purchased an organ, which was dedicated on the evening of the 27th of December last. The sermon on the occasion was based on Psalm cl. 4.

The members of Zion's church are also actively engaged in efforts looking to the further improvement of their neat little church or the purchase of an organ.

St. Mark's church has purchased an additional quarter of an acre to their church lot, and purpose making other improvements during the coming summer.

The charge is growing gradually. The pastor finds the members active, good and kind, and has every reason to be encouraged in his labors.

WESTERN CHURCH.

Ten persons were added to the church at Marshallville, Ohio, of which the Rev. C. M. Schaff is pastor, in connection with a communion service held on the 19th of January, four by confirmation, of whom two received adult baptism, three by certificate, and three by renewal of profession.

The post-office address of the Rev. L. M. Kerschner has been changed from Greenville, to West Salem, Wayne Co., Ohio, he having accepted a call from the charge at the latter place.

In connection with a communion held on the 26th of January, at the Olive chapel of the Fostoria, Ohio charge, of which the Rev. A. Casselman is pastor, five persons were added to the church, three by confirmation, one of whom was baptized, one by certificate, and one by renewal of profession.

A communion service was held in the church at White Pigeon, Mich., of which the Rev. E. B. Willard is pastor, on the 29th of January, in connection with which eleven persons were added to the church.

Nine persons were added to the church at Johnson's Corners, Ohio, of which the Rev. S. C. Goss is pastor, in connection with a communion service held on the 19th of January, seven by confirmation, one by certificate, and one by renewal of profession. The pastor was also favored with a surprise visit by his people, which fruited much to his comfort and advantage.

In connection with a recent communion held in the Shenandoah, Ohio, congregation, of which the Rev. H. Shaul is pastor, nine persons were added to the church, six of whom received adult baptism, five are heads of families, and two are of Roman Catholic parentage.

ALMANACS FOR 1879.

The Reformed Church Almanac for 1879 is now out and ready for distribution. They may be had from our Publication Rooms, 907 Arch St., Phila., at the following reduced prices.

1 dozen copies	\$0.65
50 copies	250
100 "	475
144 "	650.

When sent by mail, 12 cents per dozen will be added for postage. A specimen copy sent by mail on the receipt of 8 cents in postage stamps.

It will be found an excellent affair, and contains a large variety of matter calculated to impress upon the minds of Christians the duty they owe to God and to the Church. Not a family should be without a copy.

GERMAN ALMANAC.

We have procured a supply of the German Almanacs from the German Publishing House, Cleveland, Ohio, which will be sold at the following prices: A single copy sent by mail on the receipt of 12 cents in postage stamps. 1 doz. 90 cts., to which 17 cents must be added for postage, when sent by mail. When fifty or more copies are ordered, and they are sent by express, 7 cents per copy will be charged.

Married.

On the 25th of January, in the Reformed parsonage, Manheim, Pa., by the Rev. Louis F. Zinkhan, James K. Putt, of Colebrook, Lebanon Co., Pa., to Amanda G. Schenk, of Rapho, Lancaster Co., Pa.

In the First Reformed Church of Baltimore, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 5th, 1879, by Rev. J. T. Rositter, assisted by Rev. J. Clutz, Mr. Greenleaf Johnson, Jr., to Miss Anna E. Baker, both of Baltimore, Md.

Obituaries.

IN MEMORIAM.

DIED.—On January 23d, at Green-Castle, Franklin Co., Pa., Mrs. Susan Hartman, in the 76th year of her age.

Mrs. Hartman was the widow of Charles Hartman, Esq., who died February 10th, 1864, and who will be remembered by the older clergy of the Reformed Church, as having been a member of the Board of Trustees of the Theological Seminary, as an elder of the Reformed congregation at Green-Castle, who was frequently called upon to attend Classis or Synod, and whose residence was well known as a home, where they were always sure of a cordial welcome and of a hearty hospitality.

Deprived of his parents while comparatively young, Mr. Hartman was thrown upon the world to make his living by means of his own exertions. He chose the trade of a blacksmith, and having acquired it, he settled in Green-Castle, with the determination to make up for want of capital by industry and economy, and in this way to earn a support, if not a competency, for himself and his orphan sister, whom he had taken under his care and protection, and to whom he confided the domestic control of his house. His attention to business, and his rectitude of conduct, soon gained for him not merely the patronage, but the respect and confidence of the community and friends who were ever ready to assist him in extending his trade. Thus it was that, in a short time, he found himself firmly established, and assured of reasonable success. As the way seemed open he resolved to marry. It seemed for him a delicate matter to introduce into his home, a stranger, who would assume the duties which hitherto had devolved upon his sister; but his choice was made wisely, and from the time his wife entered his house a bride, until parted from her sister-in-law, a year ago, the streams of their lives united and flowed peacefully along in one and the same gentle current. It could not well have been otherwise. Miss Elizabeth Hartman was one of those lovely contemplative characters, with whom we sometimes, but rarely, meet, who are always and ever calm, placid, and serene, who speak little but always to the purpose, and whose presence, wherever they go, sheds around them a halo of harmony and peace.

Mrs. Susan Hartman was of a more active and administrative turn of mind. She was the helpmeet of her husband, and her thrift in humble days, added in no slight degree to his worldly prosperity. She was a ruler over her household, mild but firm and decided when convinced of her duty. She was a mother in the truest sense of the word. She brought up her children to become not mere ornaments, but useful members of society, and by requiring from them a proper reverence for parental authority, and a mutual respect for each other's wishes, she so bound them together by the cords of affection and love, that her home was the abode of peaceful harmony and contentment.

Her religious life was characterized by simplicity of faith and a lively regard for duty. In this world, duty, we have in fact the summing up of the lives of her husband, of his sister Elizabeth, and of herself.

They sought to know their duty, and as God gave them knowledge of it, they strove to do it with cheerful alacrity and assiduity. Than this, they need no greater praise.

Blessed are they who patiently enduring the heat and burden of the day, do their Master's will; for they shall enter into His Eternal Rest! A FRIEND.

DIED.—On the 31st of January, 1878, Capt. John McKeehan, aged 80 years, 2 months and six days.

Father McKeehan was one of the noblemen of the earth—noble not in name and title, but in deed and worth. He was a man of force of character, intelligent, upright and energetic. He was one of the first editors and publishers in the county—publishing for a short time the *Perry Forester*. He was also connected with various other enterprises, which gave him considerable prominence in the community. Among these we may name his connection with one of our furnaces many years ago, and more recently with the Perry county Mutual Fire Insurance Co., as its general agent. In this capacity he traveled over almost every nook and corner of the central counties of the State. He also filled with great acceptance the office of Register and Recorder for a period of years.

But in this brief notice, we wish to note a few of his religious traits. He united at a rather advanced age with the Church. This he felt was a great mistake. But he stood aloof from the Church on the peculiar notion of its high sanctity and his own unworthiness of it. It required very earnest efforts on the part of his pastor and friends to overcome this feeling, and lead him as a worthy member of the household of faith, into the Church as his spiritual home. But when this was accomplished, he stood there as a peer among his brethren, and was ever ready to discharge his duties, as one who was called to labor in the vineyard of the Master. He served in the capacity of elder during a period of years. He was always ready to contribute liberally to the support of the Church. He had a warm heart for the ministers of Christ—his house was ever open to his pastors. Not only were they refreshed with earthly food, but a spirit of good cheer and kindness touched also the spiritual side of their life and quickened them for duty. His house was ever one of those good preachers' homes, where no apologies were needed for coming too often or too seldom, provided they were engaged in the service of the Lord.

Since the present pastorate, he was confined to the house, or at least, so to inform that he could not worship with us in the House of the Lord. But he enjoyed the private ministrations of the Word and sacraments. No doubts troubled him. His faith in his Saviour, as long as his strength of body and mind enabled him to indicate it, was remarkably strong.

His funeral was largely attended—editors, members of the bar and other prominent individuals being among the number. His children, nine in number, all grown to manhood and womanhood, and all active members of the Church of Christ, had the privilege of joining in the solemn offices of his burial. Whilst their mother on account of a recent attack of illness and the inclement state of the weather, could not repair with us to the church. What a comfort that the whole family are members of the household of faith! May they be a united family in the Church triumphant! One of the sons, elder Capt. F. M. McKeehan, is well known throughout the Church—having frequently been appointed delegate to Classis and Synod.

PASTOR.

DIED.—On January 17th, 1879, Mrs. Catharine Brown, near Upper Strasburg, Franklin Co., Pa., aged 72 years and 1 month.

DIED.—On Jan. 23d, 1879, near Williamson, Franklin Co., Pa., Mrs. Elizabeth Shank, aged 73 years and 19 days.

DIED.—Near Greenfield, Bedford Co., Pa., Jan. 26th, 1879, Mrs. Catharine Staft, aged 48 years and 25 days.

The deceased was baptized in her infancy by Rev. H. Gerhart, and confirmed by Rev. F. A. Rupley. She was a very faithful member of the Reformed Church. From the days of her confirmation until the day of her death, she was never absent at a single communion. She leaves a husband, children, and many relatives, to mourn their loss; but their loss is her eternal gain. The members of the Greenfield Church, where she held her membership, deeply mourn their loss.

H. F. L.

Departed this life in McKeesville, Pa., Jan. 21st, 1879, John Baush, aged 70 years, 9 months and 7 days.

Father Baush was a consistent and worthy member of the Reformed church at Paradise. He loved the assembly of saints, and was remarkably regular in his attendance on public worship, until prevented by the infirmities of age. He felt the need of practical, personal piety, yet at the same time, took a deep interest in the welfare of his Church at large; especially in THE MESSENGER, which he often wished could only find its way into every family belonging to our Church. He read diligently, and with profit to himself, its columns week after week, to the close of his life. He was calm, patient and resigned during his last illness, breathing out his last words in prayer.

May the Lord sanctify his departure to his sorrowing widow and children, and enable them to follow his faith and patience, that at death they may enter into his joy, and inherit his glory and a crown.

Youth's Department.

OUTSIDE AND IN.

Just outside the window,
Through the cold night air,
Snowflakes falling softly,
Dropping here and there,
Covering like a blanket
All the ground below,
Where the flowers are sleeping,
Tucked in by the snow.
They are dreaming sweetly,
Through the winter's night,
Of the summer's morning
Coming sure and bright.

Just inside the window
Firelight ruddy gleams;
On the walls and ceiling
Dance its merry beams.
White as outside snowflakes
Is the little bed;
On the downy pillow
Rests a curly head.
Like the flowers, the child is dreaming
Of the long bright hours of play,
Coming as the darkness melteth,
Into sunny day.

And above the sleepers,
Be they child or flower,
Our loving Father beareth,
Watching hour by hour.
'Tis His love which giveth,
Blessings great or small;
'Tis His sun which shineth,
Making day for all.

—The Churchman.

"WHOSE I AM, AND WHOM I SERVE."

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

If there was one thing that Hattie Norman hated more than another, it was practicing. She liked music pretty well, but she did not love it well enough to be willing to study patiently and faithfully with the hope of becoming proficient in it at last. Now, it happened that the one accomplishment that Mr. Norman was anxious his little daughter should gain was just this one of playing the piano.

"If she does not learn French easily, Miss Monteith," he said to Hattie's new governess, "let it go; as to drawing, unless she has a decided talent, there is no need of her learning to draw; but music I must insist on. Her mother was a good musician, and I long to hear her little daughter play the same airs."

So, though Miss Monteith was very willing to shorten Hattie's French or drawing-lessons, she insisted that the little girl should practice two hours every day, that she might soon be ready to play for her dear father, who sat so lonely and sad night after night, thinking, no doubt, of the music his dear wife used to play for him.

Generally, Miss Monteith would sit by Hattie and help her practice. She did everything she could to make it easier for her. "See!" she would say, "have a name for each of your fingers, and then see which one is the best child; when the two hands come together, play they are visiting each other."

Hattie liked the notion very well, and really seemed to make good progress. The two hours were divided into different times, so that she was never very long at the piano; but, for all that, she was always glad when the time was up. The little girl had been left with the servants during her mother's long illness and since her death; so it was a new idea to her that she had duties, and that it was not enough just to scramble through her studies, but that she must do them as to the Lord, and not unto men.

"Hattie," said Miss Monteith one day, "I'm too busy to stay with you while you practice. It is now two o'clock; practice till a quarter of three, and if I am not back by that time you may read till I come."

Hattie put down her book very reluctantly; why was it that Miss Monteith always called her in the middle of a chapter?

"One, two, three, and four," she began; but she was out of humor with herself, her music and her teacher. It was the time for practicing her exercises, but after ten minutes Hattie closed the book with an impatient bang, and began playing over "The Last Rose of Summer, with variations." She knew it was not right, but she said to herself, "I'll just be sure I know it perfectly, for papa."

As papa had heard it every night for the last two weeks, there was no need of the "making sure." Then her story-book lay on one end of the piano, and she peeped in it "just for one minute." Tick, tick went the clock, and when Hattie thought to look up to see how long she had to practice, she saw that it was nearly three o'clock. With a delighted slam she shut the piano, curled herself in a chair, and went on with her book. Poor Hattie! her conscience gave her very little trouble, for she had not been taught to listen to it.

In a little while Miss Monteith came in, bringing a young friend of Hattie's to take tea with them. The evening passed very pleasantly, and at nine o'clock Hattie opened her Bible to read with Miss Monteith. This was quite a new habit with Hattie, and she enjoyed it very much. "It is the sixth chapter of Ephesians to-night," she said.

"Yes, dear; I was thinking of one verse in that chapter to-day when I had to leave you alone. Can you find the one I mean?"

Hattie read slowly and thoughtfully. She understood about honoring her father and mother—it was not that. The fifth verse was to servants—Miss Monteith could not mean that; and so was the sixth.

"Stop there, dear! That is the verse."

"But that is to servants."

"Well, we are servants."

Hattie gave a surprised look; "Why, Miss Monteith!"

"Yes, dear; think a moment. Servants are those who serve. Now, I serve your father by educating you; he serves his clients; you serve me, for instance, when you practice faithfully."

Hattie began to understand, and her conscience began to stir uneasily.

"Now, dear," Miss Monteith went on, "is not this a good rule for us servants: 'As unto Christ; not with eye service as men-pleasers, but as the servants of God; . . . with good-will doing service as to the Lord, and not to men?' That rule will make teaching and studying, housekeeping and practicing, easy and pleasant to us; for the dear Lord, if we do these things unto Him, will give us His smile, and we shall be very happy even when we have to do what we do not like."

They finished the chapter, but Miss Monteith said no more, for she thought she had given Hattie enough to think about. Then, after an earnest prayer with the little girl, asking the dear Master to give them both willing hearts for His service, she left Hattie alone.

But Hattie did not fall asleep. She thought with shame of the way in which she had frittered her practicing hour. She had not done that "as to God," and now that she had thought it over, she had really cheated; at the most she had not practiced more than twenty minutes. "I will tell Miss Monteith to-morrow," she thought; but that was not enough. The thought of doing all for God was a very precious thought, and she grieved over the lost time. At last she asked in simple language to be forgiven, and promised the Master that she would make up the time she had lost.

Early the next morning Hattie dressed herself and slipped down stairs, and Miss Monteith and Mr. Norman were surprised to hear the piano going as they dressed for breakfast. As Miss Monteith came into the sitting-room Hattie sprang to meet her.

"Why, darling, what a good little servant you are!"

"O no, no! Please forgive me. I didn't practice yesterday, and I was so sorry when you talked about whose servants we are. Indeed, I will try to be a good servant, Miss Monteith, and you will help me."

"God will help us both, darling. But here comes papa, who will want you to pour out his coffee."

"To serve him! Isn't it lovely!"—*S. S. Visitor.*

The love of God is a boundless ocean; but it only flows on earth in little rills; but every rill leads back to the ocean whence it flows; the love of God always leads to the God of love.

A TIGER SCARED BY A MOUSE.

Characters that inspire fear themselves are often afraid of things ridiculously beneath them. Napoleon dreaded a rat, and probably to him there was something uncanny about the creature. Doubtless a mouse can inspire a tiger with a similar feeling.

Here is an anecdote of a tiger kept at the British Residency at Calcutta, India. What annoyed him far more than poking him with a stick, or tantalizing him with the shins of beef or legs of mutton, was introducing a mouse into his cage. No fine lady ever exhibited more terror at the sight of a spider than this magnificent royal tiger betrayed on seeing a mouse. The plan was to tie this little animal by a string to the end of a long pole, and thrust it close to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it, he leaped to the opposite side; and when the mouse was made to run near him, he jammed himself into the corner, and stood trembling, and roared terribly in ecstasy of fear. Sometimes he had to pass over the spot where the unconscious little mouse ran backwards and forwards. For a long time, however, he would not move, till at length with the aid of a squib, he was obliged to start; but instead of pacing leisurely across his den, or of making a detour to avoid the object of his alarm, he generally took a kind of flying leap so high as nearly to bring his back in contact with the roof of his cage.

THE OLDEST OBELISK.

The oldest existing obelisk is the one close to the modern village of Mataraeah, or the site of Heliopolis, in the land of Goshen, near Cairo. A singular perpendicular line of hieroglyphics ornaments each side and records its erection by Osirtasen I., or probably about B. C. 3,000. The inscription, with one slight exception, is the same on all sides. A myriad of wasps' nests now completely obscure the carvings on two of the surfaces. Authorities differ regarding its height, but sixty-eight feet two inches is given as the latest measurement by Mariette Bey. Nearly six feet of the length is buried in the accumulation of soil deposited by the Nile; and the stone, even at the surface of the ground, presents sad evidences of the destruction caused by repeated visits of the water. The opposite sides only are equal, the measurements at the base being 6 feet 1 inch and 6 feet 3 inches. Pococke gives 6 feet and 6 feet 4 inches as his finding in the same connection. The southern side of the shaft is the best preserved, while the western is in the worst condition, on account of having scaled to a height of about 15 feet. This obelisk is supposed to have stood at the entrance to the great Temple of the Sun, where Moses studied theology. Remnants of the temenos or inclosure of this sanctuary still remain.

A STORY ABOUT ADMIRALTY CATS.

When Her Majesty's ship Emerald sailed for West Australia last summer, she received orders to call at the rarely-frequented little island of Tristan d'Acunha, to learn how the little colony fared, and inquire for some shipwrecked passengers; also, to land a score of cats sent out by the Admiralty, in consequence of reports that the island was impoverished by swarms of mice. A letter just received from one of the Emerald's officers states the result. The nominal Governor of Tristan, Peter Grant, and his ninety subjects, received their visitors cordially, and the books and newspapers brought were most welcome, but the present of cats caused both amusement and dismay, for Grant told his visitors he could supply them with hundreds of cats' skins. It was true the island was overrun by mice, but also swarmed with cats, and it was doubtful which was the greater plague. The mice destroyed every green blade on the island, but the cats lived on friendly terms with the mice and disdained to eat them, preferring to prey on young sea birds and chickens. Therefore cats are trapped and destroyed by hundreds. The Emerald's chaplain christened seven children born to the

community since the last visit of a man-of-war. There are five bachelors and two marriageable women in the colony, the latter accordingly being at a premium. Last May the American ship Mabel Clark was wrecked on the island, and six survivors were rescued, mainly by the exertions of the Governor's son. They were housed and fed by the poor colonists from their scanty resources until the arrival of the British ship relieved them of their burden. It is suggested that such humane services should be recognized by occasional presents from the Admiralty, but not by importations of cats.

MAMMA'S RETURN.

Three little waiting children,
Eagerly watching the door;
Harry and Charlie and baby,
Hazel eyes two, blue eyes four.

Three little noisy children,
Roguish and full of play;
At every sound—"Hush! listen!
Isn't somebody coming this way?"

"I do believe that is mamma!"
"No, it's only the umbrella man!"
"I don't believe she's ever coming!"
"She'll stay just as long as she can!"

A sound of steps on the pathway,
And eagerly rush all three.
"It's Mamma! It's Mamma! Come Charlie,
Come baby, come Harry, let's see!"
"Oh, mamma, we're so glad to see you
We're tired as tired as tired can be
We love you a thousand millions!
Anything in that bundle for me?"
—Wide Awake.

INVENTION OF THE SUN DIAL.

To the Assyrians, Sperobotus ascribes the invention of the hemispherical sun dial, which he had seen in use in Egypt. This was, in effect, a device which exhibited both the daily and the annual motion of the sun. The basin was formed of metal, from the middle of which a vertical pin was set, terminating in a knob, which represented exactly the centre of the hemisphere. It is plain that the shadow cast by this knob on one side of the basin, traced out as it moved from sunrise to sunset, the projection of the sun's actual movement in the heavens day by day. In the treeless plains of Mesopotamia and the Nile Delta, the sharp, definite shadows cast by obelisks and other stiff architectural forms could not fail to attract earlier attention to the sun than would be the case in the broken ground and wooded regions of Europe.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST FROM THE TIBETAN.

In early days there lived a king, Sakuni, who enjoyed the friendship of the great god Indra. He was rich and powerful, but the fact that he was childless long made him sad. At length Indra took compassion upon him, and his wives all bare him sons. One of these, Kusa by name, the son of Sakuni's chief queen, had "a face like unto that of a lion, the 18 marks of ugliness and an exceedingly powerful frame." On account of his plainness he was long disliked by his father. But at length, Kusa's prowess in battle, or rather his success due to magic implements given to him by Indra, reconciled Sakuni to his hideous son. After his other sons were married, the king tried to find a wife for Kusa, but for a long time unsuccessfully, for all the neighboring monarchs exclaimed: "We are ready to give our daughters, but not to Kusa." At last, however, a bride was found and the marriage took place; but she was never allowed to set eyes upon her husband, who was kept out of her sight during the day, so she was unaware that he was hideous. Nor was he aware of his own ugliness, for he had never been allowed to see a mirror; and he had always been prevented from bathing, for fear that the water might serve as a looking-glass and let him know what manner of man he was. Unfortunately, one day his wife caught sight of him as he sported with his brothers, and asked who that "demon" was whom she saw amid her brothers-in-law. Hearing that it was her husband, she determined to obtain a view of him when he visited her at night. So she lighted a lamp and concealed it under a basin. And when her husband was with her she suddenly re-

moved the covering, and the light revealed to her his hideousness, whereupon she shrieked, "A demon, a demon!" and fled. Her deserted husband followed her to her father's home. Under various disguises he pleased her by his skill; but each time that she obtained a good view of the unknown stranger, whose performances at a distance had won her good-will, she uttered the same cry of horror and fled from him. Then came an opportunity for him to display his matchless strength and courage, which his wife admired so much that she resolved to overcome her dislike, and once more to accept him as her husband. It happened one day, however, that Kusa found himself overcome by weariness in the neighborhood of a river. So he went down into the water to bathe. And as he stood in the stream he suddenly caught sight of his likeness in the water, and exclaimed: "As I have the 18 marks of ugliness, and a face like unto that of a lion, and as on that account this king's daughter has no liking for me, it is useless for such as I am to continue living. I will go and kill myself." So he went into the thicket with the intention of hanging himself. But, when he was on the point of doing so, Indra called to him from heaven to take courage, and gave him a jewel to wear on his forehead, which had the power of effacing his ugliness, and making him so long as he wore it, look like other men. After which all went well with him; and he who had been like unto a beast lived happily with the beauty, who had already forgiven him his ugliness in consideration of his military merits.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

Pleasantries.

One of the easiest ways to get a 'greenback' is to lean up against a door that has just been painted that color.

Now into every sanctum glides
Some dove-eyed girl with snowy throat,
Who asks you while the crimson tides
Mount to her cheek: "Dost know who wrote
Beautiful Snow?"

The Chicago girl says: "Mamma, just look yonder at that man we took for a stranger. May I never, if he wasn't papa last year."

A Sunday-school teacher was telling her scholars the other Sunday about a bad boy who stole \$100, when she was interrupted by one of her audience with the query: "And how did he get such a bully chance?"

A political paper says: "It is evident that the apple of discord has been thrown into our midst, and, unless nipped in the bud, it threatens to burst forth into a conflagration that will deluge the whole land." A lively apple that!

Bertie, aged seven (to auntie who has been staying on a visit): "I'm glad you're going to-day, auntie." Auntie—"Are you, my dear? And why?" Bertie—"Because Claude says you're sure to give us something."

A Lowell, Mass., firm recently sent a lot of bills West for collection. The list came back with the result noted against each name, one being marked, "Dead." Three months after the same bill got into a new lot that was forwarded, and when the list came back the name was marked, "Still dead."

GEOGRAPHY BEES.—It was spelling matches last winter, but this season the enjoyment is geography bees. Bee it ever so humble, there's nothing like geography. First they gave out easy places; big cities like Detroit that every body knows about—then they get down to places like Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and at last those who remain up are floored by asking about obscure towns, such as Toledo, Pumpkinville, Sourkraut, Cleveland, and places of that class. If any person remains standing after such an ordeal, the war dispatches of the Asian campaign are read from some newspaper, and appalling names like Polliwollygobles, Afghugnirkestrick, Dargjjextoygpqzjj, etc., now mow down the remainder like the unrelenting swath of Time's scythe. These geography matches are epidemic, and are devastating the Western States.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sunday-School Department.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

FEBRUARY 23. LESSON 8. 1879.

Quinquagesima Sunday. John v. 1-9.

THE HEALING OF THE IMPOTENT MAN.

1. After this there was a feast of the Jews; and Jesus went up to Jerusalem.

2. Now there is at Jerusalem, by the sheep market, a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue, Bethesda, having five porches.

3. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.

4. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole, of whatsoever disease he had.

5. And a certain man was there which had an infirmity thirty and eight years.

6. When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had now been a long time in that case, he said unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?

7. The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another stepeth down before me.

8. Jesus said unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk.

9. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked: and on the same day was the sabbath.

NOTE. Quinquagesima Sunday means the fiftieth (or nearly so) day before Easter. It is sometimes called Shrove Sunday, from *shrive*, which means confession. Shrove-Tuesday is the day before Ash-Wednesday, the beginning of Lent.

COMMENTS.

The cure of the cripple at the pool of Bethesda, on the Sabbath, is another proof of our Lord's divinity. "The Son of man is the Lord of the Sabbath." *Matth. xii. 8.* By virtue of His authority, which He transferred to His Apostles and the Church, the Christian Lord's Day emerged from the ashes of the Jewish Sabbath, the first instead of the last day of the week.

VERSE 1. *A feast.* We know not, to a certainty, which of the great annual Feasts is here meant. The Passover, the Tabernacles, Pentecost, and Passion, all have been defended. Our Lord attended all, as a loyal member of the Jewish Church.

VERSE 2. *Sheep-Market.* See *Neh. iii. 1; xlii. 39.* This was likely at the gate through which the sheep used for sacrifices were bought. Bethesda, the house of mercy. It got its name, doubtless from the cures which were performed on the poor, who gathered under the porticoes built around this bathing place. The water seems to have been possessed of medicinal qualities, more especially under God's benediction.

VERSE 3. Three classes of impotent persons are here indicated: *blind, lame, consumptive.* Moving of the water. There may have occurred a periodical bubbling in the spring, which is so described.

VERSE 4. *Angel.* The term may mean a human messenger, as well as a divine visitor. It is difficult to say which character is here meant. In case a heavenly messenger is designed, it is not likely that he was visible to the people. During the first excitement of the pool, the medical virtues of the water were very efficient; but presently the forces seem to have been spent.

VERSE 5. *A certain man.* His name and age are not given us. Neither are we told what his disease was. For 38 years he had been afflicted, a chronic case, verily. Of course he did not lay here constantly. His friends bore him to and fro.

VERSE 6. *Wilt thou be made whole?* Christ did not ask this question for His own information. It was doubtless addressed to the man, in order to awaken interest, hope and confidence in a spirit that had lain through long and weary years, without so much as any one concerning himself in his behalf. He had become *mutt-los*—melancholy. Our Lord's kindly word must have been as an electric spark of love darting through his heart. For once the poor man's hope revived.

VERSE 7. *Sir, I have no man, etc.* Yes, Sir, he means to say. But then he confesses his own inability, as well as the indifference of his fellows, to be let down into the healing pool. He felt and confessed how great his misery was. How sad! to be so near the health-giving bath, and yet, unable to enjoy it. And for so long a time!

VERSE 8. *Rise!* Like a mid-day sun blazing suddenly at midnight, came the health-giving word of the Lord. We must suppose more faith to have been at hand than is apparent from the narrative. But whether as a spark or live coal, the word of the Lord kindled it into a blaze. Three commands are chained together here, to rise, to bear his bed, (mattress), to walk.

VERSE 9. No sooner said, than done! By a harmonious co-operation of Christ and the cripple, the results challenged by the command of Jesus were instantaneously realized. After lying prostrate for 38 years, he stood. The relieved body bore its own weight again. He bore his bed, an additional proof of regained strength. He walked, a sign of complete restoration.

Like the sick child, in the former lesson, the impotent man was instantaneously and wholly healed. And so, too, does Christ even yet say to every penitent and believing heart, *I will, be thou clean!* The only thing this poor man had to do, was to believe and obey.

REMARK.—The pool of Bethesda has been made the symbol of a beautiful truth. Many will have it to be typical of Christ, the true Bethesda.—"The fountain opened to the house of David, and to all the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness." *Zech. xiii. 1.*

The impotent man is said, by some, to represent Israel of old under punishment, for precisely 38 years, in the wilderness. Another sees in the pool with its scanty virtue to heal but one at a time, the limited old Dispensation, as compared with the gospel of Christ which dispenses Grace, "Enough for you; enough for me; enough for every one—and to spare."

It is enough for us to know, that Christ is able to heal us all. Let us know (1) How great our sin and misery are; (2) How we may be delivered from them; and (3) How we shall express our gratitude to God for such deliverance.

Prosperity is only a real blessing when we are truly thankful to God for it—when we take a moderate delight and satisfaction in it—when we soberly make use of the good things God has given us, and out of our plenty supply the poverty of others, according to our proportion and ability—when we walk humbly with our God and our neighbor, and honor the Lord with our substance—and, in a word, when we make use of our temporal prosperity as a help and furtherance to our eternal happiness.—*Bishop Bull.*

TRANSFIGURED SORROW.

You may not know how it is supposed the pearl is formed. A grain of sand, or some foreign substance, getting entrance within the shell of an oyster, hurts its sensitive body, which having no power to expel the cause of pain, covers it with a secretion, and by degrees rounds off all sharp angles, moulds it into a sphere, and finishes it with a polished surface. Thus it accepts the inevitable presence as part of its life, and when it dies yields up, shaped and perfected, a perfect gem, lovely with the tints of the skies, a jewel whose worth is far beyond the pain that gave it existence. God often introduces into human lives some element of discomfort, unrest, or suffering—a thorn in the flesh that cannot be plucked out, a burden that must be borne, a daily cross not to be laid down. Some souls thus dealt with chafe against the trial; they contend with it till their sensibilities are lacerated by its cruel edges, and their hearts become morbid and bitter. They make its presence one long perpetual pain and poison. Others, recognizing the trial as Heaven-sent, and therefore not to be escaped, accept it, not with joy, indeed, but with meekness; and though it press hard and sharply, they wear it with a sweet patience that day by day enables them to carry it more easily. It even becomes the source of an inward development, the growth of a grace which at the last proves to be the crowning adorning attribute of their character—the especial quality which, rounded out to perfect symmetry, reflects the beauty of Heaven.—*Christian Weekly.*

EXCUSES.

Of the whole number of falsehoods uttered, by far the greater part are lies of cowardice. The habit of telling untruths for their own sake, and entirely without any motive of personal advantage, is not a general one; though every community knows a few of its members who seem to have become constitutionally unable to keep on the side of truth, even in indifferent matters. Again, of those who fabricate false words for their personal advantage, the greater number find themselves surprised into falsifications. They do not plot and plan to deceive, but when forced into a corner, they endeavor to avert blame, or danger, or loss of position, or this or that disadvantage, by a sudden assertion designed to screen themselves for the present moment. This lie leads to another and another, until the brood of falsehoods quite buries the original sin.

As so many falsehoods partake of the nature of excuses, it is also true that a large share of excuses are akin to falsehoods. If they do not state a positive untruth, they so emphasize one side of the truth as to give a wrong impression. Adam's original excuse stated the immediate reason why he hid himself, namely, that he was ashamed, but it did not declare the cause of his shame; and so it was but a half-truth. His second excuse was likewise a half-truth; it told who gave him the means of sinning, but did not tell that the choice thereof was his own. The Bible story is full of excuses constructed on this same plan of mingling the true statement with the false conclusion; and certainly the habit has not lost force since scriptural days.

An excuse should be relevant as well as accurate. Every parent, every pastor, every husband or wife, every friend, may easily find in his own experience or observation instances of the ridiculous as well as wicked divorce between the real cause of the act and the excuse offered for it. Excuses are too often like the exercises in manuals for learning foreign languages. "Have you seen my note-book?" "No, but I have blacked the gardener's boots."

He who excuses himself, accuses himself, says the French proverb; and Shakespeare, in similar fashion, declares that "often-times, excusing a fault doth make the fault the worse by the excuse." Persons who are in the habit of proffering poor pleas of defense or justification do not know how quickly the wretched fabric is pierced by the eye it endeavors to deceive. A downright sin may be pardoned, a piece of folly may be overlooked, and a gross mistake may be remedied; but it is well-nigh impossible for the hearer to respect a flimsy excuse, or to honor the maker of it.

In addition to apologies for things which need apology, there is a great burden of wholly unnecessary excuses. Many persons go through the world with a "what is the matter now?" feeling, which, in a craven or crushed nature, is constantly increased by the tendency of other stronger or more selfish persons to seek to aggrandize themselves at the expense of the weak. Some children are in a constant state of fear lest they be ever displeasing to their august parents; and wives cower before their husbands, or husbands before their wives, or employed persons before their employers. Who shall tell the long and cruel story

of tyranny wrought upon those who fall into this well-nigh fatal habit of offering excuses before they have been asked for? A dog, says Dr. John Brown, is the only animal which will apologize for being kicked; but man is certainly the only animal which offers beforehand an apology for a kicking which he otherwise would not have received.

It would seem to be wise, therefore, to heed two rules, which may be summarized thus: Never give an excuse for yourself which is not ample, explicit, and ingenuous. Never proffer an excuse at all until it is asked for.—*S. S. Times.*

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" Chambersburg.....	10:30	4:00	6:45	F. M.
" Hagerstown.....	11:30	5:00	F. M.	
" Martinsburg.....	12:50	6:20		
DOWN TRAINS.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Martinsburg.....		7:00	2:00	
" Hagerstown.....		8:25	3:25	
" Chambersburg.....		9:30	4:33	
" Carlisle.....	6:00	10:55	5:20	6:00
Arr. Harrisburg.....	7:00	11:55	6:30	7:00
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General News.

HOME.

California has 80 Congregational churches, with 4,475 members.

At a meeting of St. Louis clergymen the Rev. Mr. Marshall objected to having a memorial that was to be presented to the Legislature read out of a Sunday paper, but was silenced by the Rev. Mr. Snyder's remark, that he had seen Brother Marshall's services advertised in that same Sunday paper.

Sadler's Catholic Directory reports for the United States, 1 cardinal, 11 archbishops, 62 bishops, 5,750 priests, 5,589 churches, 78 colleges, 577 academies, nearly 2,000 parochial schools, 345 charitable institutions, and a Catholic population of 6,375,000. In 1808 there were only 80 churches; in 1830 there were 240; in 1840, 454; in 1850, 1,073; in 1860, 2,385; in 1870, 3,995. The Tablet says more churches were added in 1878 than there were in the whole country in 1845, when there were 675.

T. Whittaker's Protestant Episcopal Almanac for 1879 gives the following figures as showing the present standing of the body:—Clergy, 3,204; parishes, 3,202; baptisms, 46,330; confirmations, 26,713; communicants, 314,367; candidates for orders, 352. Ordinations—deacons, 113; priests, 101. Sunday School teachers, 30,951; scholars, 292,375; deaths of clergy, 68; depositions, 19; contributions, \$6,477,806.

Hung Wung Chung, who conducts the Christian school at San Francisco, is described as a fine Chinese scholar, a man of much dignity and many attainments, and is said to be "a descendant of Confucius." He was baptized during the past year, and became a member of the Protestant Church for Chinese. He teaches the children in the classics of Confucius, and closing each session of his school by singing and repeating the Lord's Prayer. In Chicago a Chinese Sunday-school has been in existence nearly six months, and one was organized in St. Louis more recently. The contributions of the San Francisco Chinamen to the fund for the yellow fever sufferers amounted to \$1,200.

The Methodist Church of Greenville, Mich., has just "called the long roll." It had a debt of \$2,000 hanging over it. On the 23d of September, the pastor, the Rev. J. W. Reid, surprised the congregation by producing cards of white, buff, and red, representing respectively \$10, \$5, and "miscellaneous amounts," inscribed "Long Roll Call—Out of Debt, December 29, 1878," and bearing 100 dots, one for each day. He invited each member to take what cards he or she could, and put by one hundredth part of the subscription daily, keeping the money with religious care till the 29th of December, when the "long roll" would be called and each be expected to produce card and money. Daily he would ring the church bell at noon to notify members to cancel a dot and offer prayer for the Divine blessing on the enterprise. When the 29th of December came every holder of a card was present and every dot in the cards had been cancelled, and after freeing the church from debt, there was a surplus of \$305.53 left in the treasury. By trying the cent a day system it was found that the dollars were accumulated with ease.

FOREIGN.

A French Canadian Protestant at Quebec has been mobbed for quitting the Catholic faith by a number of "thoughtless gentlemen," to use the phrase of a local paper.

The Roman Catholics have been steadily losing ground in Holland as to numbers, though they have been gaining in political, mercantile, and scientific influence.

Liquor-drinking Scotland has been told a blunt truth by the Lord Provost of Glasgow—that the loss of £5,000,000 which has fallen on the shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank represents but its six months' expenditure for strong drink.

The reported increase of Roman Catholics in England for 1878, is 39 priests and 38 churches. The total number of priests is now 2,175; of churches, 1,386; of bishops and archbishops, 21. In Scotland there are 6 bishops, 272 priests, and 264 churches.

The latest estimate of church accommodations in England gives the Established Church 6,500,000 sittings; the Wesleyan Methodists, 1,702,724; the Independents, 1,211,101; the Baptists, 913,785; the Primitive Methodists, 743,677, and all other religious bodies a total of 1,560,103, making a grand total of 12,531,400.

Christians living in China are devoting themselves resolutely to the cure of the opium habit. The Pekin Refuge, which was opened early in 1878, treated in the first six months of its existence 53 in and nearly 300 out patients. Two European physicians prescribe, and daily Christian services are held at the hospital. The effect of this philanthropic measure upon the minds of the people of Pekin is said to be excellent.

The English Revisers of the New Testament have finished their second and final revision. The company has held 85 sessions, and has spent 337 days on the work, having begun it in June, 1870. The total number of the company is 24, and the average rate of attendance throughout has been 15. There now remains the consideration of any further suggestions that may be made by the American Company, and the adjustment of some questions which have been reserved to the end.

The Church of Ireland is becoming alarmed at the delay of the Government to make provisions for its Divinity School. Since the passing of the Church act it has been felt as a grievance that no provision was made for it by the Legislature, as was done in the analogous cases of Maynooth and the Presbyterian Theological College, for the disendowment of which a substantial equivalent was given. The surplus in the hands of the Royal Commissioners is so rapidly increasing that the Church fears that the Divinity School will be passed over unless immediate action is taken.

At a recent meeting of the Glasgow Established Presbyterian member withdrew a motion of which he had given notice to the effect that "in view of the recent disclosures regarding the state of morality prevailing amongst many sections of society, ministers should be enjoined to bring the law and the prophets more prominently under notice, in the hope that a return to the old fashioned manner of setting forth the doctrines of the faith might cause a return to old fashioned doctrines of

honesty." The reasons stated for withdrawing the motion were that it might raise "invidious comparisons" and "a good deal of mud," and would "involve a good deal of speaking."

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday, Feb. 7, 1879.—General Loris Melikoff, who was recently appointed Governor-General of the plague-stricken districts, which have been specially erected into a province during the continuance of the epidemic, left here yesterday for Astrakhan, to superintend measures for arresting the plague.

VIENNA, Friday, Feb. 7, 1879.—Dr. Fincklesberg, the German delegate to the International Sanitary Commission, will return to this city to discuss with the Government measures to be adopted on the Southern frontier in case of the plague reaching Roumania. The Hungarian Government, with the assent of the Roumanian Government, will dispatch a commission to report upon the state of the public health in Roumania, Bessarabia, Bulgaria and Roumelia. The two Governments have agreed to adopt protective measures on a large scale on the Bessarabian and Transylvanian frontier, and to shift the Russian line of magazines in Roumania eastward, behind the double cordon.

MADRID, Friday, Feb. 7, 1879.—Quarantine against the plague has been ordered in all Spanish ports.

LONDON, Friday, Feb. 7, 1879.—Eight hundred engineers have struck, and 1,200 will strike to-morrow. The mob of strikers at Liverpool yesterday caused a temporary suspension of work at the Waterloo Dock and the Prince's Dock. A number of laborers sent to Liverpool from Wolverhampton were compelled to return by threats of murder. Several employers in the iron and engineering trades have postponed for a week action on the notices they have given of a reduction of wages, in the hope of coming to an arrangement with the men. One firm has offered a compromise, but the men have rejected it. Out of 5,000 men affected 800 will strike tonight.

At one of the docks to day the strikers forcibly compelled the laborers to quit work. Some laborers from Bristol took refuge on board a steamer. A mob of 700 persons hooted and yelled at them for half an hour, defying the police.

LONDON, Friday, Feb. 7, 1879.—A Berlin dispatch to *The Pall Mall Gazette* says it is reported that the German Minister at Copenhagen has been recalled. The people of North Schleswig propose to issue a protest against the abrogation of the Vth Article of the Treaty of Prague. Should Germany prohibit such action, the North Schleswig Deputies will formally protest in the Reichstag. Reuter's dispatch from Copenhagen says the German Minister has had a farewell audience with the Queen. *The Standard's* Berlin correspondent states that the Prussian Ministry has approved the import duty on grain, cattle and horses. The Berlin correspondent of *The Post* is authorized to contradict the report concerning negotiations for the purchase of Heligoland. The Emperor William proposes to open the Reichstag in person. It is understood that Germany is endeavoring to effect a compromise of the Arab Tabia dispute.

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THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Feb. 8th, 1879.	
[The prices here given are wholesale.]	
Flour, Wheat, Superfine.....	\$2.25 @ 2.75
" Extra Family.....	4.25 @ 4.50
" Fancy.....	5.50 @ 6.00
Rye.....	2.02 @ 2.75

Corn meal.....	2.75 @ 3.00
Buckwheat meal.....	1.50 @ 1.75
GRAIN. Wheat, White.....	1.05 @ 1.06
" Red.....	1.04 @ 1.05
Rye.....	53 @ 55
Corn, Yellow.....	44 @ 44 1/2
" White.....	43 @ 44
Oats.....	29 @ 31
Barley.....	95 @ 1.00
GROCERIES. Sugar, Cuba.....	64 @ 65
" Refined cut loaf.....	91 @ 92
" " crushed.....	91 @ 91 1/2
" " powdered.....	83 @ 84
" " granulated.....	82 @ 83
" A.....	83 @ 84
Coffee, Rio.....gold.....	102 @ 103 1/2
" Maracaibo.....gold.....	141 @ 142
" Laguayra.....gold.....	14 @ 16
" Java.....gold.....	21 @ 23
PROVISIONS. Mess Pork.....	10.25 @ 10.50
Dried Beef.....	12 @ 12 1/2
Sugar cured Hams.....	8 @ 9
Lard.....	6 1/2 @ 7
Butter, Roll extra.....	11 @ 13
Butter, Roll Common.....	8 @ 10
" Prints, extra.....	27 @ 30
" Common.....	20 @ 24
" Grease.....	3 1/2 @ 6
Eggs.....	29 @ 30
SEEDS. Clover.....	6 25 @ 6.75
Timothy.....	1.10 @ 1.25
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Blue.....	2.56 @ 3.00

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